R. H. S. CROSSMAN: Coventry and the H-Bomb

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The Anglo-American Tug-o'-War

SINCE the Geneva Conference began—or, to be strictly accurate, since Sunday, April 25, when Mr. Eden, after a momentous talk with Admiral Radford and Mr. Dulles in Paris, flew back to a special Cabinet meeting—British foreign policy has moved fast and far. Who would have dared to predict six weeks ago that Sir Winston would be singled out for praise by *Pravda* and *Isvestia*, or that Mr. Molotov and Mr. Eden would be in intimate and daily conversation at Geneva, in order to concert their joint efforts to save the Pacific peace? Who could have foreseen that Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan would be leading an official Labour delegation to Peking this summer, while Mr. Harold Wilson, with the approval of the Foreign Office and the plaudits of a large section of the Business community, flies to Geneva to discuss Anglo-Chinese relations with Chou En-lai? Bipartisanship, in one sense, could hardly go further; moreover, it is bipartisanship on behalf of an independent policy, which conflicts with both the present aims and the methods of American diplomacy.

The explanation is both grim and simple. Sir Winston, a life-long exponent of Atlantic union, is deliberately risking a rupture of Anglo-American relations, because on Sunday, April 25, he was brought to a sudden realisation that the U.S. Administration was trying to involve Britain in a creeping intervention in Indo-China. This, he knows well, could only lead to an attack on mainland China and probably to a world war with H-Bombs. The shock of this discovery has been sharp. It has driven Mr. Eden to seek Mr. Molotov's co-operation in fending off catastrophe. It has united Government and Opposition in support of a policy which would have been condemned six weeks ago as "irresponsible anti-American extremism."

If the occasion of this transformation was Admiral Radford's imperious demand for British military assistance in Indo-China, the causes lie far deeper. Ever since Ernest Bevin recognised the Peking Government in December, 1950, the cleavage between the British and American attitude to the Chinese revolution has been growing wider. It is not only General MacArthur and the China Lobby who believe that, since a show-down is inevitable, it should come while the balance of military power still favours the U.S. This view is held by leading personalities of the Republican Administration and is also found in the Democratic Party. The issue under dispute in Washington is whether the U.S. should "go it alone," in the hope of dragging her allies after her, or whether she should patiently persuade those allies to join in united action. The extremists, led by Admiral Radford and Admiral Carney, openly support the first view; the moderates, who are said to include the President and the ex-President, prefer the second.

This explains the most significant and sinister of this week's diplomatic moves—the Siamese appeal to the Security Council. This appeal, which was instigated by Washington, is an attempt to transfer negotiations from Geneva, where Mr. Eden and Mr. Molotov are in the ascendancy, to New York. If it is not actually intended to hamper the negotiations, it certainly cannot have any other effect. The official American view is still that any armistice in Indo-China would be tantamount to a defeat, because it would provide Red China with the breathing space required to build up her armies.

Between this ruthless view and that of all responsible Party leaders in Britain there is very little room for compromise; and, since both countries have now set their course, the present tension in Anglo-American relations and the comparative *rapprochement* between London and the Kremlin is likely to continue. Logically, it will not be ended without either a British surrender to the American demand for intervention in South-east Asia, or an American admission that the Chinese revolution cannot be reversed. But, if the Communists are sufficiently cautious and the British remain firm, the U.S. jingoes may yet be thwarted

Defeat for the German Army?

Despite the enthusiastic reporting of most British newspapers, which now like to carry their domestic prejudices into foreign reporting, last week-end's conference of the French Socialists turned out to be a relative defeat for the proponents of E.D.C. As our Paris Correspondent reported last week, M. Guy Mollet required, in order to score a convincing victory, not only endorsement for the official pro-E.D.C. policy, but authorisation for the Executive Committee to expel Deputies who vote against the Treaties. In the event, M. Mollet secured the former, but by a far smaller majority than was expected. The latter he failed to get; and the vague threat that defiant Deputies may be reported to the Executive is unlikely to prove a very effective deterrent to anti-E.D.C. votes in the Assembly. In this connection, it is interesting to note that practically every French Socialist of international repute, except M. Mollet himself (who represents the official machine) and M. André Philip, is now committed against E.D.C.

Mr. Menzies Scrapes Home

Australian Labour just failed to gain enough seats to displace Mr. Menzies, though the swing in the popular vote—about two-and-a-half per cent.—has given Labour a clear majority of the ballots. The final count will probably show a Labour plurality of between four and five per cent. of the total poll. Thus, like British Labour, the Australian Labour Party has suffered from a strong bias in the electoral system and from bad distribution. This result is much closer than was expected at the outset of the campaign, especially after the sensational way in which the subordinates of Mr. Menzies exploited the Petrov affair. Australian elections are never polite; but this contest seems to have fallen to unusually low depths of abuse and bitterness. Labour, for its part, seems to have made a much wider appeal than was anticipated, with its pledges of sweeping reforms in the system of social security. Naturally, Mr. Menzies denounced Dr. Evatt's pension proposals as demagogic bribery, and, by British standards, the proposed level of benefit sounds high. But prices are higher in Australia, and the pound worth less; the present social security structure, moreover, does stand in need of an overhaul. Labour's defeat, which may not be very important in domestic terms, matters more in foreign affairs. Dr. Evatt would undoubtedly have moved Australia closer to the British attitude towards South-East Asia and China.

Crisis in East Bengal

The dismissal of the East Bengal Ministry, and its replacement by Governor's rule under the 1935 Government of India Act, is not the first instance of its kind. The Pakistan Government's position is, however, particularly invidious in view of the fact that the Muslim League, which now controls the Central Government, was so heavily defeated last March by the United Front in the East Bengal election. It must be admitted that during its short term of office the East Bengal Government had relied more on propaganda against West Pakistan than constructive action to implement its electoral promises. Moreover, Mullah Bhashani, the powerful leader of the Awami League within the United Front, has been agitating for wholesale nationalisation of land without compensation. This drastic plan is supported by a majority of East Bengal M.P.s (whose average age is 30). As most East Bengal landowners are Hindus, the plan is bound to exacerbate Indo-Pakistan relations. Nonetheless, charges, made in a section of the Pakistan Press, that recent riots in East Bengal were engineered by Indian agents are nonsensical. The Pakistan Government must now provide evidence to sustain its charges against the East Bengal Ministry. It must also ensure that the present emergency is not used by extremists to suppress the Constitution, beyond the minimum period necessary to restore law and order, or to hamper the Bengali language movement. Nor must the 10,000,000 Hindus still living in East Bengal be made scapegoats for troubles which are not of their making.

British Lion Collapses

Despite large injections of public money—one-half of the six million pounds loaned to the industry by the Film Finance Corporation—the finances of British Lion have continued to decline. The company received such favoured treatment in order to maintain a third production centre apart from the two big circuit interests, and this policy has not only led to the making of some excellent features, but has also provided employment for independent producers, technicians and studio space. Nevertheless, the losses have been heavy. The earnings of successful films have not been used to repay the loans, but have been reinvested in production. The decision to appoint a receiver was unavoidable, unless the Corporation was prepared to put in more money without any hope of seeing it earned back at the box-office, let alone repaid. Such heavy subsidies have become increasingly difficult to justify, and the receiver will be instructed to wind up British Lion's production programme as films now in progress are completed. The Government has agreed, however, to soften the blow by permitting the formation of a new company which will concentrate on the distribution side of British Lion, including the giving of distribution guarantees to independent producers. This means that the independents may look, as in the past, for a measure of support from the Finance Corporation and, as is normal in the industry, for what amounts to the underwriting of part of the production costs by British Lion as distributor. The collapse of British Lion is further proof that some more radical reform is needed than the subsidy policy of the Finance Corporation.

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
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Labour and the Welsh Parliament

The attempt by those campaigning for a Welsh Parliament to establish a popular front would seem, for the time being, to have failed. Twice within the month highly organised groups of Welsh voters have shown themselves opposed to this Campaign which is led by Lady Megan Lloyd George. First of all the miners refused to support it; and now the Welsh Regional Labour Council have voted it out by an almost brutal margin—158 to eight. The size of this majority among people who, to all intents and purposes, rule industrial Wales, makes the Campaign's pretensions to a popular front seem absurd. During the Regional Council debate, the only four people who supported the Parliament were the Labour M.P.s who have been supporting it all along; those of the rank-and-file who did speak came down heavily on the other side. This would seem to suggest that the Campaign is being conducted by massed generals and a handful of troops, which is not altogether true. Certainly there are plenty of generals, wearing all sorts of uniforms, Nationalist, Conservative, Liberal, Communist, as well as Socialist; and the Campaign would certainly take a hammering if it came up against anything as powerful as a ballot-box; nevertheless it enjoys support and particularly in areas where the Socialists are hard put to it to win elections. The effect of the Regional Council vote is to set the Party directly in opposition to the Campaign. For the M.P.s who have given public support, the choice is very unpleasant. They, representing rural constituencies, appreciate more than their urban comrades that feeling is running high in the countryside against the apparent indifference of Westminster to their problems. But they must choose before the Scarborough Conference.

The Pension Burden

An admirable pamphlet published last week (*Providing for Pensions*, P.E.P. 2*s*.) should offset some of the current alarm at the expected increase in retirement pensions in the next 20 years. The global figures that have been bandied about in recent months—some estimates have put the annual cost of the increase as high as £400 millions by 1977—are open to considerable errors. As this pamphlet shows, they are based on a number of assumptions which may very well be wrong. If, for example, the mortality rate remains fairly constant, without any striking fall in birth rates or greater longevity among the aged, the proportion of social dependants to producers may not be so great as is feared. P.E.P. suggests, in fact, that the estimate of the number of pensioners in 1974 may be a million too many. The present trend towards a larger labour force may also continue, and could be greatly assisted by providing more opportunities for working beyond the pensionable age, even if the pensionable age itself—which is now more arbitrary and less justified biologically than it was two decades ago—is not, as many would wish, to be raised. Money estimates, moreover, are liable to mislead. What matters is the burden on the economy as a whole, measured as a percentage of the national income. If now, while our age-structure is relatively favourable, we make adequate capital investment, it will be easier in the future for the productive workers to carry the increasing number of dependants. There remains, however, a strong case for re-organising the finance of pensions.

PARIS

M. Pleven and *L'Express*

Our Paris Correspondent writes: As its days draw to a close, the Laniel Government shows an increasing tendency to indulge in periodic outbursts of bad temper. Six weeks ago it confiscated an entire issue of *Humanité-Dimanche* for an editorial on Indo-China which was, at least by Communist standards, not unduly offensive. A few days later, the May issue of Sartre's review *Les Temps Modernes* was forced to appear without its editorial, also on Indo-China. The latest example was last Friday when the Government excelled itself: the current issue of *L'Express*, a highly respectable weekly whose contributors include such diverse figures as M. Robert Schuman and M. Mendès-France, was seized under warrant and its editorial offices ransacked by an army of detectives.

The pretext for this action, which was unanimously condemned by the French press, was the publication of an article giving details of the verbal report made by Generals Ely and Salan to the Defence Council last Tuesday. The article, according to the Government, was a breach of the section of the Penal Code forbidding the disclosure of military information. Most of the commentaries in the press pointed out that even if this were true, the seizure of the paper was scarcely justified since the article had already been widely circulated and quoted by the time the police took action. Moreover, it is difficult to see in what way the facts quoted by *L'Express* differed from those published in the daily press on Thursday. *L'Express* itself drew attention to this by promptly bringing out a fresh edition in which the offending article was replaced by quotations from other newspapers giving exactly the same information.

The real reasons for the suppression seem to lie elsewhere. For some time the Bidault-Pleven wing of the Cabinet has been complaining of criticism from even its most faithful press supporters. A month ago M. Laniel gave vent to his feelings in the Assembly by accusing "responsible" (i.e., pro-Government) newspapers of "defeatism and lack of understanding." It was time, he implied, that an example was made. *L'Express* appears to have been chosen as the victim to the great satisfaction of M. Pleven. Last November this paper was instrumental in exposing a rigged public-opinion poll, taken at the expense of the Ministry of Defence, which attempted to show that the French people were overwhelmingly in favour of E.D.C. More recently, *L'Express* reprinted a speech made by M. Pleven three years ago which strikingly demonstrated his central responsibility in the tragic train of military and political decisions which led ultimately to Dien Bien Phu. M. Pleven's action was, in fact, an irrational response to the unpalatable truth. The *L'Express* article revealed that if France were to carry on the war it would be necessary to send out conscripts to fight it. Until now, as the Dien Bien Phu prisoner lists show, the brunt of the fighting has been borne by foreign legionaries, colonial troops and French career officers. By plunging conscripts into the fighting M. Pleven will expose himself to a degree of unpopularity to which even he is unaccustomed. Hence, as *Combat* put it, he struck out at *L'Express*, "just as the Pharaohs of old slaughtered the bearers of bad news."

The confiscation of *L'Express*, incidentally, served another purpose: it provided a convenient excuse for M. Laniel to rid himself of M. Jacquet, whose presence at Geneva has been a continuous embarrassment to M. Bidault. Since the Government got its last two-man vote of confidence, M. Bidault has felt strong enough to avoid consulting M. Jacquet, who was therefore on the point of resigning in any case. It is believed he had planned to time his resignation to coincide with this week's Indo-China debate. However, when the police searched the *L'Express* offices last Friday, they discovered a letter showing that M. Jacquet had given his approval to an article published by the paper on February 27. By a curious process of reasoning, M. Laniel therefore argued that M. Jacquet was responsible for the "leakage" of the Ely-Salan report three months later, and forced him to resign on this issue. Subsequently, M. Jacquet put the record straight by a press-release referring to "difference of opinion within the Government." But by this time the damage had been done: M. Bidault was able to get rid of a dangerous opponent without publicly revealing the extent of the criticism, even in the Cabinet, of his manœuvres at Geneva.

NEW YORK

The Attorney-General versus The Law

Our American Correspondent writes: The first and only indictment against someone on McCarthy's now infamous list of 81 "subversives" in the State Department has now summarily been thrown out of court without a hearing. The Justice Department itself had admitted that the indictment for perjury that it had obtained against Mr. Val R. Lorwin was based on "misrepresentation." This is a full vindication for the former official. Still, Mr. Lorwin's experiences are not to be envied. It was back in February, 1950, at Wheeling, West Virginia, that Senator McCarthy produced the first of his series of lists. Mr. Lorwin was one of those branded. Soon after, bowing to pressure from McCarthy, the Acheson State Department filed charges against Lorwin, and in February, 1951, he was suspended. A year later he was cleared by a loyalty board, and he immediately resigned. But his ordeal was not over. With the advent of the Republican Administration, Attorney-General Herbert Brownell initiated the strategy of attempting to take the limelight off Senator McCarthy by stealing his thunder. The threat to liberty is thus much greater now because it is backed by the State power and reinforced by the prestige of the Administration.

But there was one last bastion—the Courts—that Brownell had to storm if he were to lull the consciences of that still-large segment of the public worried about civil liberties. Last December the U.S. Government secured an indictment against Lorwin for allegedly lying in denying Communist affiliations under oath. The Justice Department prosecutor first told the jury that two informers would be available at a subsequent trial to identify Lorwin as a C.P. member. There was absolutely no basis for such a statement. The prosecutor has now been dismissed by the Justice Department. But Brownell is the head of the Department and he cannot escape the responsibility for the misbehaviour of his subordinates. It was Brownell who tried to finish what McCarthy started and, in attempting to pervert the judicial process, his actions are even more culpable that those of the junior Senator from Wisconsin who, after all, has never shown much interest in having any of his charges tested in court.

An ironic twist to the Lorwin story is that he himself has been a fierce anti-Communist for many years. He has been part of a left-of-centre intellectual group here—typified by Norman Thomas's minuscule and now ineffectual Socialist Party (of which Lorwin has been a member) and the weekly publication, *The New Leader*—which has for several years now spent most of its time being *against* Communism without being very much *for* anything.

The fact that when liberty begins to slide it soon becomes an avalanche, is not yet generally understood here. That is why the news that Nobel Peace Prizewinner Dr. Ralph J. Bunche was undergoing a loyalty review came as a shock to many people. Once the principle was accepted that the United States had the right as "host" nation to pass judgment on those of its citizens who were to be allowed to work for the international secretariat of the U.N., once Trygve Lie gave the order that U.S. intelligence agents were even to be given facilities to conduct their investigations within the U.N. enclave, then there was no logical reason why Dr. Bunche should not be put through the mill like all the other U.S. citizens at the U.N. The Bunche investigation demonstrates once more—if after the Warren and Oppenheimer cases it needed demonstrating—that nobody is above suspicion. Men here are no longer judged by their works but by secret thoughts that may be lurking in their souls and which the State power must ferret out.

THE COMMONWEALTH

A Feminine Forum

A Correspondent writes: "I was brought up among coloured people," said Lady Astor at The British Commonwealth League's Annual Conference last week. "I have always lived among coloured people, and I love them. Also, I am proud of the British Commonwealth, and you should all be proud of it, too." The first part of this statement was warmly received by the meeting, the second part with some reserve; for the League was founded by The International Alliance of Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship, and displays strong currents of feminism and anti-Imperialism.

It is the praiseworthy policy of the League to remove the colour bar, not only between White and non-White, but also between the mutually exclusive groups of native Colonial races; and to invite Colonial speakers in preference to European representatives. At this meeting, for instance, the young speaker from the Maltese Legislative Assembly pleaded strongly for Commonwealth immigration facilities for trained and educated Maltese girls from that hopelessly overcrowded island; the spokeswoman for Malaya described the inextricable political and racial tangle which prevented all moves for equal citizenship in the Federated States; while a Bantu girl from the Union of South Africa raised the temperature of the audience to such a degree that they refused to credit the existence of native welfare provided by the South African Government. Two self-possessed young ladies from Trinidad and Barbados reported the smooth working of female infiltration into the civic life of the West Indies, while a bespectacled educationist reported that the women of Sierra Leone were on the move. The delegate from the Gold Coast, beaming impartially on White and Black, almost swept the meeting away on a tide of enthusiasm.

To sum up impressions and conclusions: the speakers were well briefed, but the audience seemed ignorant of modern Colonial administration. One universal demand was for more education, although, strangely enough, Colonial students prefer graduating in law, medicine and political science, rather than in pedagogics.

WESTMINSTER

Humbug and Dissension

There are times when the miasma of humbug is so strong in the Chamber that strong men wilt. On Monday a group of Socialist sabbatarians moved that there should be no TV advertising on Sunday, Good Friday or Christmas Day. They were supported by non-sabbatarians who oppose TV advertising on any day, Sunday included. There was in this support only a dash of humbug to a fair proportion of impishness. We wanted to see how low the Tories could sink. For, three years ago they had opposed the Sunday opening of the Festival Pleasure Gardens. It was "contrary to the will of God Almighty," said one member. We wanted now to discover how much of that opposition had been genuine and how much sanctimonious hypocritical rectitude.

"If the choice had to be made between the profit motive and making further inroads into the Sabbath, the profit motive should be sacrificed," Butler had said three years ago. On Monday he was given a chance to make this choice. Not only did he choose profit but his Government denied a free vote. With the smell of money in front and the crack of the whips behind, the hordes trampled o'er the Sabbath. Mr. David Gammans was again in charge, showing a flair for this sort of work that few people envy.

On Tuesday, the humbug was confined to the upper corridors where the Conservative 1922 Committee of back-benchers was indulging in a party split between those who admit there should be £500 increase of members' allowances and say so, and those who admit it and dare not say so. The Tories are under intense pressure from the retired service officers who fill their party chairmanships, from the maiden ladies living on annuities who organise their bazaars, and from the local brash business men who contribute to their funds. Mr. Derek Walker-Smith, Chairman of the Committee, whose ego is, as it were, visibly swelling, gave a brilliant report of the smack in the face he had received from Churchill when he led a deputation demanding that the decision of the House be set aside. Churchill let it be known that he regards acceptance of the decision of the House as a matter of honour. Sir John Mellor, an obscure back-bencher, thereupon spurned Churchill's leadership and rejected the Tory Whip, implying that caucus decisions should over-ride those of Parliament itself. Boothby, who stands firm for the increase, was hardly allowed a hearing. There is, among the Tories, an intense personal rancour on this issue. The chaps are cutting each other in the corridors. Many of the lumpen Tories who have long distrusted Boothby for his intellect, envied his brilliance, resented his success on TV, and deplored his independence, now hate him.

In part this is due to the gusto with which he weighed into the revolt against Miss Horsbrugh's Teachers' Superannuation Bill. Not all his fellow-rebels were Boothby's men. Several gave their weight in opposition because Miss Horsbrugh had threatened to resign if the Bill were opposed. About the teachers they cared little; but the prospect of ousting Florence was compelling. In the meantime the split on Egypt grows wider. Another group is sharpening knives for Eden for his appeasement at Geneva. Others are demanding the resignation of Sir Thomas Dugdale, the Minister of Agriculture, over his handling of a land transaction. Butler is sitting back placidly surrounded by his phalanx of intellectual placemen. Churchill is clearly on the verge of retirement. The whole brew is boiling and steaming like a pot of live eels over a slow fire. But the aroma is not so savoury.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Racial Trade Unions

WHILE South Africa's Parliament drags out the weary tale of compromise between Government and Opposition in order to deprive the Cape Coloured people of their voting rights, South African trade unions face the prospect of an Act calculated quickly to undermine and destroy them. Second reading of this Bill to amend the Industrial Conciliation Act, which regulates trade unionism, came before the House of Assembly this week; and will apparently pass without substantial alteration. A memorandum by a committee representing the views of practically all trade unions, including even those who have largely made their peace with the Nationalists, leaves no doubt of its purpose.

"We are convinced," this memorandum says, "that the implementation of the Bill will cause the disintegration and eventual destruction of our trade union movement. The system of collective bargaining, industrial conciliation and self-government in industry which has developed successfully during the past thirty years will vanish with the trade unions." Small amendments in the Bill, made after "advice" from a semi-secret committee of Right-wing trade union "leaders," have in no way changed the Bill's content. As Ray Alexander, a less inhibited critic of the Nationalists' bid for totalitarian power, said lately: "The substance of the *apartheid* principle remains, together with all the attacks made upon trade union autonomy, the right to strike, and the principles of democratic leadership and control." It was largely with this Bill in mind that Mr. James Crawford and Mr. Ernest Bell, the delegates whom the T.U.C. sent to South Africa last year, reported in March that "the South African trade unions are in dire danger of being destroyed as free and independent bodies."

This Bill imposes a fully racialist structure on trade unions. Coloured, White, and Indian workers are no longer to be allowed to form united trade unions. In existing mixed unions, of which there are about sixty, only Europeans are to be eligible for executive committees; and such unions are to be divided into "racial unions" on the demand of only one-third of the members of any racial group. One-third of the White members of the Garment Workers' Union, for example, will be able to expel all non-White workers, although these may greatly exceed them in number. Strikes may be made illegal, by the provisions of this Bill and an extension of the provisions of the lately enacted Native Labour (Settlement of Disputes) Act, in a wide range of "essential industries." In "non-essential industries," strikes become illegal unless supported by two-thirds of all the members of the given trade union. Workers in one factory, for example, will not be able to strike legally unless they first obtain a clear majority of all the workers in their trade. In practice, that is, all strikes will become illegal; and the Minister of Labour will possess dictatorial powers of settlement. As Crawford and Bell commented, "lower wages and longer hours can be forced upon European and other workers by Ministerial decision."

Trade unions, both White and non-White, mixed and unmixed, have organised a strong campaign of protest against this Bill. Unhappily, it has yet to be shown that a majority of White workers, and a good many of their race-infected leaders, have understood that the main reason why this Bill is bad for them is primarily because it is bad for non-White workers. In a country of rapidly expanding industrialism, the conditions of work for one section of workers are closely and inevitably linked with conditions for all other workers. Too many White workers still imagine they can defend their own standards of living while conniving at very low standards for non-Whites.

Democratic opposition meanwhile grows in other ways. The African, Indian, and Coloured organisations which had such tremendous success in 1952 in organising non-violent resistance to racialist laws have now embarked upon another and even bigger campaign. Meeting in Port Elizabeth lately, the African National Congress, the South African Indian Congress, the South African Coloured People's Organisation, and a small group of progressive Whites called the Congress of Democrats, decided to hold what Walter Sisulu, general-secretary of the African National Congress, called "a general election throughout the length and breadth of South Africa." Millions of voteless people are to be asked and encouraged to elect representatives to a Congress of the People which is to be held towards the end of this year to work out "a Freedom Charter for all South Africans."

What spirit motivates this Chartism in South Africa can perhaps be caught from Sisulu's words in making this announcement at Port Elizabeth. "I believe," he said, "that the Congress of the People will be the most important and significant event in the history of this country. There, for the first time, will meet in a great assembly the true representatives of the people, from all walks of life and from all racial groups in the land. It will be an assembly of Africans, Europeans, Coloureds, Indians, and Chinese. It will be a congress of people of different political and religious views, whose common interest is the building of a great united nation in South Africa, a nation which will be free from prejudice, ignorance and chauvinism."

To suffocate such democratic strivings as these, the Government is powerfully equipped with laws which impose whipping, fines, or imprisonment on all who make an effective stand against racial oppression. Yet there is a limit to the value of threats, and it looks at present as though the non-White organisations of South Africa, supported bravely by a little handful of Whites who are willing to make common cause with them, may have found a way of repeating their astonishing success of 1952. It may be, too, that the foretaste of totalitarian rule, administered to White workers by the Bill which is now before Parliament, can open the eyes of many who have hitherto believed that the White man's welfare was inseparable from White supremacy.

Coventry and the H-Bomb

Last Sunday some thirty passers-by and a score of children watched a group of Labour Aldermen and a Home Office official bawling each other out on rival loudspeakers among the ruins of Coventry's 1940 Blitz. If there was an element of the ludicrous in this performance, the responsibility belongs exclusively to Sir David Maxwell Fyfe. Ever since the Coventry City Council last April decided to wind up its Civil Defence Committee on the ground that the present set-up of Civil Defence against H-bomb attack is an organised sham, the Home Secretary has tried to brush this protest off as an act of childish irresponsibility. Yet the Council's case is serious and responsible. Put briefly, it is as follows.

(1) The organisation of Civil Defence in 1954 is still based on experience gathered during the 1940 Blitz. As such, it is not adequate even to deal with the type of high-explosive-cum-phosphorus raid which Bomber Command mounted in 1943, let alone with napalm.

(2) In certain important respects, Civil Defence and the fire services are much less efficiently organised today for wartime purposes than they were even in 1945. With the denationalisation of the fire services and the abolition of the Regional Commissioners' offices, the administrative apparatus for mobilising rapid assistance to a stricken city has disappeared. Civil Defence has reverted to the parish pump, with each Local Authority instructed to organise its own static volunteer service, whose members, according to the Home Office theory, are to carry on until one of its mobile columns arrives.

(3) All war-time shelters have been dismantled and nothing has been put in their place, despite the fact that, by 1943, the Germans had discovered that any Civil Defence and fire-fighting are quite impossible without a ruthlessly enforced law, ordering everyone into underground shelters during a raid.

(4) Finally, although the A-bomb replaced T.N.T. and fire-bombs in 1945, and the H-bomb replaced the A-bomb in 1953 as the main weapon of strategic air attack, no attempt has been made to reorganise Civil Defence against these new and infinitely more destructive weapons. The Government is wasting a little of its money and the volunteers are wasting a lot of their time on a Civil Defence system which is as inadequate in the thermonuclear age as the brown paper on our window-panes was in 1939.

This was the reasoned case on which the Council decided to stage its polite protest strike. While making it clear that it would not disband its Civil Defence organisation, it decided to challenge the Home Secretary by dispensing with the Civil Defence Committee. Sir David is so worthy and so dull a politician that, in the House of Commons, he can nearly always be reckoned on to bore the Opposition into somnolent acquiescence. But, in this case, where the prestige of his own Department was at stake, he unwisely decided on a vigorous counter-attack. Having first publicly refused to receive a deputation, he then privately indicated to the Council that, if it were recalcitrant, he would run the service himself and surcharge the Councillors for the cost. When this threat merely stimulated their resistance, he issued a reply to them last Thursday.

This reply began: "It will be some time before a study is completed of how the hydrogen bomb will affect Civil Defence organisation. The problems involved in creating a proper system of precautions are being studied as a matter of urgency . . . There can be no doubt that, with good Civil Defence, casualties will be greatly reduced." The Home Secretary went on to state that "the problems which would have to be faced if hydrogen bombs were used in a future war would be graver than ever before," and then argued that the skin injuries to the Japanese fishermen in the Pacific "demonstrate the need for knowledge and Civil Defence training. . . . Training and the manuals will be revised as quickly as possible; in the meantime the training hitherto presented is still sound and no one will find it wasted. . . . There is a clear duty to continue with all practicable measures." And Sir David concluded with the comforting words: "This does not mean that we propose to embark on a large new programme involving increased expenditure."

The portentous platitudes of this reply were presumably intended to conceal the fact that Sir David had no answer whatsoever to the challenge of the Coventry Councillors. In fact, however, his statement only confirmed the Council's view that our present Civil Defence is a piece of organised hypocrisy, designed to create an illusion that something is being done when nothing is being done. Even the leader-writer of *The Times*, in a characteristic piece of understatement, observed that Sir David "has not strengthened his case against the Coventry City Council."

Then came last Sunday's exercise. In order, presumably, to rebuke the Coventry Council, the Home Office selected the ruins of Priory Street, under the shadow of the blitzed Cathedral, as the site of what it proudly announced was the first H-bomb Civil Defence exercise to take place in Britain. The recalcitrant Council was not invited to take part. Instead, a mobile column from Birmingham and elsewhere was brought into the city to demonstrate to the ratepayers how irresponsible their representatives had been. In addition, a score of Coventrians were recruited to daub their faces with red paint and act as casualties.

Unfortunately for Sir David, the Coventry Councillors obtained an advance copy of the plan for this exercise. This plan solemnly stated that the exercise was based on the assumption that a hostile plane, trying to H-bomb Birmingham, scored a near miss and hit Coventry instead. Immediately the Coventry Civil Defence volunteers, if they had existed, would have leapt into action, and carried on with rescue work until the mobile column from Birmingham arrived. But alas, owing to the Council's disgraceful behaviour, Coventry's injured and dying had been left for hours without succour. It was this portion of the script which raised the ire of the Labour Councillors and caused the counter-demonstration which hit the headlines last Monday.

Exercise Priory, as it was named, showed that the Home Office still believes that static local defence of a middle-sized industrial city will continue to function after a direct hit with an H-bomb. I know this sounds quite incredible, but I have read the script and there it is. So the suspicions of the Coventry Councillors are completely confirmed. The Civil Defence set-up of the last war has been retained, but without the regional organisation which made it effective, and the only other change is to substitute "H-bomb" for "high-explosive" in the directive.

There is a real danger that the exposure of Sir David's solemn foolery will give so much simple pleasure to the British public that they will fail to draw any serious conclusions from his rout by the Coventry Councillors. Since 1945 the British Chiefs of Staff have relied on fission and fusion bombs, and on the American planes in Norfolk which carry them, to counter-balance Russia's ascendancy in conventional weapons. Successive Governments have stubbornly refused to face the fact that, once the American monopoly of the A-bomb had been broken, this Defence policy exposed our civilian population to certain and instantaneous reprisals in the event of a general war. Imagine a Minister of Defence who equipped our soldiers in the field with a powerful offensive weapon and then stated that we could not afford to equip them with any defence against it! He would be accused of murdering his own countrymen, and quite rightly. Yet this is precisely the policy which is being applied to our civilian population. We are told that unconventional weapons will be used at once if the Red Army moves in Europe. Yet we are also told that we cannot afford any serious defence of the civilian population against Russian H-bombs.

The Swedish Government at least accepts the logic of the thermonuclear age. Unable to afford both offensive unconventional weapons and defence against them, it has decided to concentrate on active and passive defence. Besides building a strong fighter force, it is spending millions on excavating huge shelters in the rock on which Stockholm is built, and its Civil Defence is nationally co-ordinated. Britain, on the other hand, spends millions on unconventional weapons and on a vast new armada of strategic bombers with which to drop them on Moscow, and leaves the civilian population utterly unprotected. To add insult to injury, the Government then tries to recruit volunteers for a 1940-style Civil Defence, and calls anybody who questions its effectiveness an irresponsible defeatist.

If Exercise Priory was intended to expose the folly of the Coventry Councillors to their own electors, it boomeranged badly. What it has shown is that, in Civil Defence organisation, the Government is trying to fool all the people all the time and—until Coventry called its bluff—it was very nearly succeeding.

R. H. S. Crossman

London Diary

We were surviving a typical spell of merry May weather when I left for a three-day visit to Geneva; a bitter north wind, with occasional storms of hail, was lashing the full blossom in the orchards. In Geneva, the sun was shining impartially on the Americans and Chinese, the British, French and Russians, the followers of Bac Dai and of Ho Chi Minh—all of them arguing about Indo-China—and on the Turks, the Belgians, the Abyssinians, and all the other nineteen nations called together to disagree about Korea. Across the bridge, leaving Rousseau's island on one's left, there is the *Maison de la Press*. Here, off and on, one may meet journalists from almost any country in the world. For four weeks they had been sipping coffee and waiting for "leaks." The day I left there was, for the first time, actual news, because Mr. Eden had succeeded in persuading the belligerents to get out maps and discuss the possibilities of a cease-fire. Three days later, having swallowed as many facts and opinions as I could digest, I left the glittering Lake Leman for Heath Row, where it was raining as if it had never stopped since I left. The bus took about two hours—a record?—to reach Waterloo. This was nearly as long as from Geneva to London Airport. If London traffic was more frustrating than usual, the cause was the end of the Chelsea Flower Show, from which scores of bedraggled men, clutching magnificent plants and bunches of flowers to their bosoms, and girls with summer frocks clinging to their knees, scuttled higgledy-piggledy across the roads to cars tangled inextricably in pools of water. This drive from the airport had one advantage; I had time quietly to consider whether the Geneva Conference was a proper cause for optimism.

* * *

Let me first summarise the hopeful arguments. One peculiarity of this Conference is that, apart from some of the Americans and French, you would hardly find anyone in Geneva who did not agree in wanting peace. Everyone knows that this is a colonial war which should not be fought and which has continued because successive French Governments have repeatedly refused to come to an agreement on the lines of the Anglo-Indian settlement of 1947. There seems good ground for thinking, too, that the Russians, Chinese and, in the last resort, the Viet Minh, are willing to concede on the issue of Laos and Cambodia. The word "Partition" is carefully avoided because of the objections of Bao Dai's group; the Viet Minh point out that a "regrouping" is merely a necessity for any cease-fire. They don't want a Korean solution and will happily leave the political problem of unification until the fighting is finished. As a result, Mr. Eden has been able to persuade the French and Viet Minh military experts to meet for discussions on regrouping. This certainly improves the chances of a cease-fire, and decreases the danger of intervention. So far, so good. Progress seems slow but steady, and all sensible men congratulate Mr. Eden.

* * *

Why, then, did observers become despondent while I was in Geneva? Because of the attitude of America. The American delegates are almost isolated in the palatial Hotel du Rhône. They must wonder whether, if McCarthy hears of a peace settlement with the Viet Minh, they will be interrogated to discover whether they have ever met a Communist in Geneva. They must recall that, in his broadcast answer to Ed Murrow, the Senator declared that the United States could never have lost China had it not been for traitors in the State Department who sought a settlement with the Chinese Communists. Much more important, there is the wrecking notion of Mr. Dulles, who is using the instability of Siam to cut across the Geneva negotiations by raising the same issues in a most dangerous and disingenuous form at the United Nations, of which China is not a member. If this proposal goes through, Mr. Eden's efforts in Geneva will be very seriously jeopardised. Admiral Carney, Chief of Naval Operations, I notice, has no doubts at all about the outcome. The *New York Herald Tribune* of last Monday quotes him as saying that the free world must soon choose either "to fight" or "to submit to Communist expansion." He added that we were "travelling at high speed" to this time of decision, and made the other usual remarks that military men make when they have made up their minds for war.

* * *

Just how appalling a liability for the West any kind of guarantee of Siam would be, I learnt in the last few days from several Western diplomats and officials who know the country well. One of them bluntly told me that the Government was "nothing but a racket." It was, if possible, more corrupt than Chiang Kai-shek's had been on the eve of the Communist victory in China. The parallel is very close. Most members of the Government, I was told, have large sums hoarded in Washington or Switzerland. Few of them would stand up to any personal investigation or attack; few of them would resist pressure, though no doubt they would willingly tell the world, at Mr. Dulles's suggestion, that they were attacked by Communists. Viet Minh successes increase the pressure on them. Friendly States urge them to carry out reforms which, in some instances have already been nominally instituted. Nothing whatever has been done for the peasants, because the money raised is never used for its nominal purpose. The taxes have simply gone into private pockets. If the Chinese, who are a large minority of Bangkok's population, should demonstrate, that might also be enough to upset the Government. They would, no doubt, be supported by many young Siamese, who, a year ago, were no more Communist that Mr. Dulles. Recently, in despair at the corruption and confusion of their Government, they have begun to drift up to the North-Eastern Province to join the Free Thais, who are no doubt in touch with the Viet Minh. Here is a State that can any day collapse from its own internal confusion, with sufficient Communist support to give Mr. Dulles the excuse for which the American extremists are waiting.

* * *

A well-known sinologue tells me that he has been trying to persuade people, including *The Times*, vainly so far, that they really should take the trouble to give the names of Asian leaders correctly. He writes: "Desire to understand more of the aims and natures of Asian cultures has apparently not yet brought about an ability to write the names of their representatives correctly. Mr. Pham (not Mr. Dong) and Mr. Nguyen (not Mr. Dinh) surely never came to Geneva to meet Mr. Anthony and M. Georges. It looks as if the luminous nose is on the other foot."

* * *

I suppose 90 per cent. of politically minded people in England were pleased to hear that there is a chance of improving our trade with China and that at least there is to be a more than ephemeral trade mission representing Peking in this country. One may reasonably hope that out of this small beginning China will decide that Britain is worth recognition and leave us some diplomatic representative. It is about time. By the same token most people are glad that a powerful and representative Labour Party delegation is to spend August in China. Why anyone of good will should not be pleased that Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan are at one in this matter is not easy to understand. The silliest comment I have seen was in the *Economist*, which did not even trouble to get its facts right. Not only was Mr. Bevan not "going to China in any event"; he had already refused an invitation to visit Peking this summer. Nor was he in the least likely to come back and say that "the Chinese are really agrarian reformers"; he is, on the contrary, a militant social democrat, resolutely anti-Communist, and, at any rate since his visit to India, not ill-informed about Asia. Nor is it true that Mr. Attlee, Dr. Summerskill and Mr. Sam Watson are going in order to counteract the evil effects of Nye Bevan's Leftism; on the contrary, they are going, partly no doubt because they do not wish to miss an opportunity of visiting Peking, and more because the rank-and-file of the Labour Party at the Annual Conference insisted that they should go.

* * *

The *Economist* has long suffered from the delusion that Mr. Attlee can be bullied by the press into splitting the Labour Party. This is merely an example of the way in which it fails to understand him. Attlee has, it is true, views which are to the Right of those of the Bevanites—though in the period when I knew him best his views were very similar to those of Mr. Bevan now—but his responsibility is to hold the Party together and to keep in check those (like Hugh Gaitskell and Edith Summerskill) whose headstrong behaviour sometimes makes them seem bent on cutting the Party in half. The *Economist*, which invented "Butskellism," shares with less-informed American newspapers the view that, somehow or other, England ought to have two in-and-out Parties, like the Republicans and the Democrats, with no Socialist movement to bother them. This is absurd. The fact that Attlee and Bevan are going together to Pekin is a practical demonstration that the Labour Party, in spite of the siren calls from Ryder Street, is not going to follow the example of the Liberal Party, which, having lost its purpose and message, years ago split into impotent personal factions. Mr. Attlee is far too shrewd (and loyal to his Party) to be hoodwinked by those newspapers who would like the Socialist movement to perish.

* * *

Lady Astor's jokes are of the hit or miss type, but her latest, made at the Annual Conference of the British Commonwealth League, is certainly plumb on the target. "Once I was talkin' to Mrs. Pandit, and she was goin' on and on about British oppression. So I said to her—let me remind you, Mrs. Pandit, that if it wasn't for the British, you'd have been burned as a widow long ago."

CRITIC

KENNST DU DAS LAND?

Whatever part of Germany you visit . . . there is a wealth of beauty to be seen . . . beauty which leaves an unforgettable impression.

German travel advertisement.

Holiday in Germany!
Nothing could more pleasant be !
Smiling service, welcome kind !
Every luxury refined!
Views superb, colossal food,
Inns at every altitude,
Sumptuous luxury hotels!
Church- and cow- and dinner-bells!
Merry peasants everywhere,
Concerts in the open air,
Sport, and musical events,
International tournaments!
Land of history and romance,
Festivals of song and dance,
Baroque palaces and courts,
Pleasure, sport and health-resorts,
Beauty-spots, lakeside retreats,
Gabled houses, cobbled streets!
Nibelungenland explore,
Rich in legendary lore,
From Bad Godesberg am Rhein
To the Schwarzwald's slopes of pine!
Tarry at those thermal springs
Bismarck loved, and several kings,
See Lloyd-George's favourite spa!
Wander through Bavaria.
Munich, famous—for its beer,
(Tourist rallies welcome here)
Berchtesgaden, best of all,
Alpine peak and waterfall!
Pilgrims are diverted now
Down to Oberammergau!
Germany invites the guest,
Visitors will be impressed!
Mountain scenery, forest tramps,
Carefree relaxation camps!
Super comfort, friendly hosts—
And there are, of course, no ghosts.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mr. John Murray, a motor repair man, of Lord Street, Salford, Lancs, yesterday received permission from the Ministry of Civil Aviation to take his home-made helicopter 10ft into the air—providing it is tethered to the ground. . . . "Their new decision is a step in the right direction," said Mr. Murray, "but it does not satisfy me completely."—*The Times.* (B. S. Wiggins.)

Children of Trowell, the Festival of Britain village in Nottinghamshire, will be on their honour tomorrow not to use the village park.

The parish council has decided to "close" the park on Sundays, but there are no gates, no groundsman, and the swings and roundabouts cannot be locked.—*News Chronicle.* (S. Jeger.)

Mr. C. C. MacDonald, who succeeds Mr. Nicolson and is an ex-inspector of Glasgow police force, said he did not know of any other trade which had done more to encourage temperance than the licensed trade.—*Scotsman.* (U. Macleod.)

The news that women viewers have informed the B.B.C. that they kneel down by their sets to kiss the male announcers good-night makes one wonder to what low level the public interest can sink.—*News Chronicle.* (F. Clarke.)

It certainly proves that Zatopek is greater than ever, if one judges a runner solely by his record.—*The Times.* (K. S. Inglis.)

Killing Rabbits

"The rabbit has a charming face.
Its private life is a disgrace
I simply cannot tell to you
The awful things that rabbits do . . ."

CLEARLY, the poet was bashful. But there need be no secrecy about the awful things that rabbits do. They breed; they eat; the more they breed, the more they eat; and most of the things that wild rabbits eat are the things which we are growing for our own human purposes. They eat young corn and other crops. They eat the bark of young trees and so kill them, thus compelling foresters to protect their new plantations with expensive wired fencing. Above all, they eat grass, they foul much of what they leave and by their manner of grazing they cause deterioration of the pasture they afflict. Thus, in certain tests in Wales, a rabbit-free pasture produced 5,416 lb. of dry matter, an identical area, rabbited, only 969 lb. Further, a separate analysis showed that the rabbit-free area carried 1,430 lb. of weeds, the rabbited 2,700. In other tests in Kent rabbit damage in two years reduced the grazing capacity of pasture by 27 per cent. and the liveweight increase of the sheep fed on it by over 60 per cent. To the visitor from the towns the rabbit may be an addition to rural charm and interest. To the farmer and the forester he is a pest.

I once heard the owner of a 10,000-acre estate offer £10,000 for the last rabbit on his land and he did not mean it entirely as a joke. By any acceptable calculation it would have paid him handsomely. And a reasonable national estimate puts the cost of rabbit damage to farming at some 4 per cent. of our total agricultural output, say £50 million, which is roughly £1 an acre a year; *every* year. In return for this he pays us a welcome but inadequate tribute of meat and fur which is valued at some £15 million a year, say a third of the amount it exacts—and only a small proportion of this sum reaches the agricultural industry which bears the costs of production. "Every rabbit," as they say, "dies in debt."

Of course, his destructive power is partly our fault, for we have exterminated or reduced many of the natural enemies, such as the wild cat and the golden eagle, the fox and the hawk, which once checked his numbers and his ravages. Today, therefore, rabbit control is primarily a human responsibility and trapping and snaring, shooting, ferreting or gassing, have become accepted features of the rural routine. Every year at considerable expense we harass and kill. Some years we are helped by hard winters. But every year the rabbit breeds again and his species continues to live on, and off, our land. We certainly decrease his numbers. We sometimes temporarily eliminate him from small areas. But we do not liquidate him. Our traditional weapons are too feeble for that 100 per cent. kill which would end this island war once and for all.

Hence the peculiar importance of the rabbit-disease called myxomatosis which has recently made itself at home in this country. It has been known in certain other parts of the world for over half a century—the virus which causes it was named as long ago as 1898—and it has two remarkable properties. First, it is almost invariably lethal and its general mortality-rate is over 99 per cent. (For comparison, there is only one human disease, pneumonic plague, which reaches the figure. Bubonic is doing well if it reaches 90 per cent. and cholera if it reaches 70 per cent.; while a bad outbreak of influenza, which can bring a Western community to the verge of paralysis, seldom surpasses 10 per cent.) Secondly, it is very highly specialised. It only attacks rabbits—and perhaps hares—and is harmless to birds and other animals. It is, physically, an exceptionally unpleasant disease, causing severe swelling of the eyelids, ears and forehead and sometimes of the genitals as well; an afflicted rabbit looks rather like a distorted lion in miniature and it dies pitifully in a blind lethargy. But it is the most efficient means of rabbit destruction at present known to man.

Professor Araqao of Brazil in 1926 was apparently the first man to suggest its systematic use against rabbits and the pre-war years saw several experimental attempts to establish the virus among rabbit-populations. The Swedes and the Danes tried it. So did we, on the Isle of Skokholm, off Pembrokeshire. So, on a larger scale, did the rabbit-ridden Australians, with a decade of work by Sir Charles Martin of Cambridge behind them. But for various reasons all these attempts failed. After the war, however, the Australians returned to the task; and between May and November, 1950, they made seven liberations of the virus in the Murray Valley. At first nothing happened. Then, in December, what was since called the Great Australian Epizootic broke. Carried by insects, notably the mosquito, the disease spread rapidly and furiously, in one case travelling a distance of 700 linear miles in two months, and in three years it killed, according to the estimates, four-fifths of the gigantic rabbit-population of South-Eastern Australia. The best assessment of the slaughter, however, is made in cash, not casualties. For 1952-3 alone the increased value of this area's rural output was reckoned at £50 million, much of which must be ascribed to the economic consequences of myxomatosis.

At the same time, the disease made its general appearance in Europe. In 1952 a French doctor inoculated a couple of rabbits with the virus and turned them loose in his walled park. He never expected the disease to escape from the park. But it soon did so and, once out, its spread was almost Australian in its rapidity. By the end of 1953, despite official efforts to check it, rabbits were dying in nearly every department of France and the disease had crossed the frontiers into Germany, Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland and Spain. It had also crossed the Channel. In October, 1953, it appeared first in Kent, then in Sussex. An official Advisory Committee was appointed and a determined attempt made to prevent the spread of the disease; the affected areas were wired and, so far as possible, all rabbits in the wire killed. Nevertheless, by early December outbreaks were reported in six other places in Kent, Sussex, Essex and Suffolk and the idea of controlling it was abandoned. By May of this year it had reached Cornwall, Gloucester and the Isle of Wight, and there is no reason to suppose it will not spread over the whole of our islands. We may lack certain of the insect-vectors with which Nature has enriched Australia, but in their dogged, insular way our native breeds have carried the torch and the disease manfully.

NEXT WEEK
SIR ROBERT BOOTHBY
character sketch, with caricature by
VICKY

The authoritative document on this subject is the report of the official Advisory Committee which was published last April. This recommended that the disease should be allowed to run its course, but disapproved, on both humanitarian and legal grounds, of any attempt to spread it artificially. It also urged that every effort should be made to check the survivors left by the disease and so exploit this unique opportunity of securing a 100 per cent. kill. Indeed, we are now in sight of the extermination of this pest. But only in sight. For one thing, we cannot rely on the disease maintaining its original efficiency. In certain areas of Australia, for instance, it was found that the mortality rate dropped perceptibly between 1950 and 1953, falling from an estimated 99.5 per cent. to an estimated 92 per cent., which may be due either to a weakening of the virus or to an increase in the innate resistance of the rabbit. It is, indeed, inherently probable that some equilibrium between virus and rabbit will eventually be established. For another, the survivors, though few in number, will take a lot of killing. Some may be resistant to the disease, others may have acquired immunity from it, though there is no evidence that they can transmit such immunity to their offspring. In theory, it might be possible to outflank these defences by breeding and liberating another strain of the same virus, and Australian scientists are already reported to be working on these lines. In practice, the objections to this course of action in this country are more than considerable and in any case there is no known instance of the complete destruction of any animal population by disease. And to hunt down the residual rabbits family by family and area by area will be the trickiest type of major operation. Patience and a magnet will ultimately find the needle in the haystack. But these needles will be mobile—and they will breed. Most certainly they will be mobile. Even more certainly will they breed.

Myxomatosis, therefore, despite its horrible nature, is giving us a respite from rabbit-attack. Whether this becomes a permanent cessation depends partly on the virus, partly on us. But it would be a good day for our land and ourselves if all the wild rabbits in the country were in one place, behind wired bars at the Zoo.

NIGEL HARVEY

Hot Dixieland

Why the Salvation Army shouldn't wear nylons I don't know. It must be my island obduracy that prevented me from getting used to the idea. In New Orleans, two lady Salvationists came briskly towards me, their uniforms trim and made to order, their bonnets carried with *panache*. My gaze was drawn, as it had been many times before in the North, to the sheerness that propelled them. Once again I felt the inward recoil of delicious horror, the uprush of lascivious imagery, and saw the 15-Denier superfine-gauge legs drawing seedy sinners down into a purgatory of tea and buns and homiletics.

It was simple enough to rationalise my slight feverishness. Mercy wear a lisled leg? How grotesque! Why the S.A. shouldn't show a sense of humour is even harder to answer. In the Crescent City they certainly do. Having put down my half-dollar to see a couple of Westerns, only to find that I had overlooked a sign which read "COLORED ONLY," I put the chromolithographs behind me and wandered disconsolately into the screaming neon of Bourbon Street. There, right in the thick of the dives and steak-houses and strip-joints and Dixieland jazz bars, the overpumped heart of the Vieux Carré, I saw him with his tambourine.

All about his pitch on the curb *Das Tourismus* beat the air menacingly, absorbed in its job of transmuting the undeniable charm of a past into a gimmick for the present. Pralines, gimcrackery, guide-books—O, the endless guide-books!—coasting cab-drivers trying to drag you into their taxis like the ladies of another day into their drab cells, the old stuffed Aunt Jemimas leering at you from the doorways, and not the whirr of a humming-bird or a whiff of magnolia anywhere, only bottled perfume and liquor and hot dogs. But the Soldier of Mercy held his ground. No music, however rudimentary, came from his tambourine. You couldn't have heard it, anyway; the night was heavy with dark trumpets and barrelhouse piano and the always too loud blare of juke-boxes. But he was using it as a begging bowl. With a prodigal coon's grin on his face, the Salvationist called out, with the assurance which a good script will give any actor: "No cover, folks! No minimum! Show just starting!"

His pilfering of Bourbon Street's ubiquitous legend and of the exhortation which is most upon the lips of the barkers outside her joints (of course the show's always just starting—it's a mighty short show) was bringing him in a great harvest for the cause. The nickels and dimes fell steadily upon the stretched skin.

No Cover: No Minimum . . . If you wish to take away from New Orleans more than the mere memory of those words, you may venture into a nearby *lingerie* store—it is only a few yards from our wisecracking Salvationist—enticingly evocative under its Messelanian *décor* and touches of Beaton gold, and there buy tiny diaphanous scraps of garment, lacy beribboned things full of promise, with the Street's motto appliquéd on the nylon or orlon or chiffon (or anything but homespun). You may choose, if there is a recipient and so a question of propriety in mind, from such inscriptions as: "Baby, It's Cold Outside"; "When The Saints Go Marching In" (final resting place of that noble hymn after its Oddysey through the years of classic Dixieland jazz); "Get That Darned Door Open"; "Old Soldiers Never Die" (a general warning against venturing too far?); "Cum Up and See Me Sum Time." Illiteracy is also catered for. You can get some whose only message, strident and unambiguous, is a large black satin hand, fingers spread wide upon the sheer net, groping after the "trembling bliss of a kingdom," as E. E. Cummings put it during an early period of conformity.

Bourbon Street subscribes to two causes, neither of them lost by a long chalk. Both aim at perpetuation, the first of Dixieland jazz in its oldest, most strictly improvisatory, unadulteratedly polyphonic form (call it "Ur-jazz" if you like it, "corn" if you don't); the second, of the law of increasing returns as applied to the divestment of the female form. Different appetities, and often the same one, are satisfied by them. Both pay off.

Devoted to the first cause is Steve Valenti's *Paddock*, whose boast is that it features "the oldest and hottest Dixieland this side of the Mason-Dixon." From its minute horseshoe stage Octave Crosby and his Dixieland Band send down a brave message to the pounding celebrants below, or to the trippers who have wandered in, drawn by the fierce pulse of the music, and now sit over their Bourbon or High Life trying in vain to clap out *Muscat Ramble* on the off-beat. There is no defeatism here, only a weariness on the faces of the Creoles and Negroes that is at odds with the marvellous vitality of their musical eloquence. If you are very lucky, Papa Celestin might look in and be persuaded to sing, in an ocean-deep rasp of a voice which he conjures up from somewhere within his gigantic looming frame, one of his marathon ballads of forsaken love and leavetaking and black agony.

If you have not heard something like real Dixieland; if you have not had coming at you somewhere out of the night the rich raucous voice of Bessie Smith, with the sound of ebon laughter rising above the old scratched record ("... *O Judge . . . Judge . . . Lordy-Lordy Judge, sen' me to de 'lectric chair . .*") ; if you have not heard the marching bands on their way back along North Rampart Street from a brother's interment in the St. Louis Cemetery, you can know little of the real springs of jazz.

Typically dedicated to the second cause is the *Torch Club*, up the Street. It is only a minor temple, a hand-to-mouth affair, a mere pinpoint of allure. As I passed, the barker addressed the air about him in a voice toneless and replete with hopelessness: "Show jest startin', folks . . . loveliest gals in Nooworlinz . . . Saturday today so they jest *gotta* tek E-V-E-R-Y-thing off!—Pozzitively N-O cover . . ." Well, you know the rest: his pan was very dead. Now the function of the barker outside this kind of joint is twofold. His first job is to persuade suckers like me to cross the threshold: his other and far more important one is to keep an eye cocked for the cops.

Here is a note from Curly Lima's column, called *Bourbon Street Bulletin*, in the New Orleans Blue Book, a throwaway publication that tells you what's on (it is a far cry from its lusty prototype, wherein you could find details of all the best "houses" and their offerings): "Policeman Badge No. 187, of the First District, had Bourbon Street for his beat. He handles it well and is respected by all. All is calm when he walks around." All is calm, brother, because the barker has slipped inside and tipped off the girls.

As he chanted his piece, then, the barker pulled open one of the swing doors a little, inviting me by gesture to look in. To get as good a look as you can without pretending to show the slightest interest, you have to slide your eyeballs as far as they'll go in their sockets without turning your head. This can be painful. In that single contortionist moment I got a glimpse of roseate naked flesh spotlighted somewhere within the dive. I felt the sweet comfort of my wallet in my hip pocket, hesitated, and was lost. I went in and was swallowed.

A strip joint is a place where ladies undress while music is playing. A clip joint is a place where you find yourself paying far too much for anything you may get, with or without music. Exhibition and extortion. The *Torch Club* is both, unabashedly, but then it's in Bourbon Street, and Bourbon Street's in New Orleans.

Charles Morgenstern

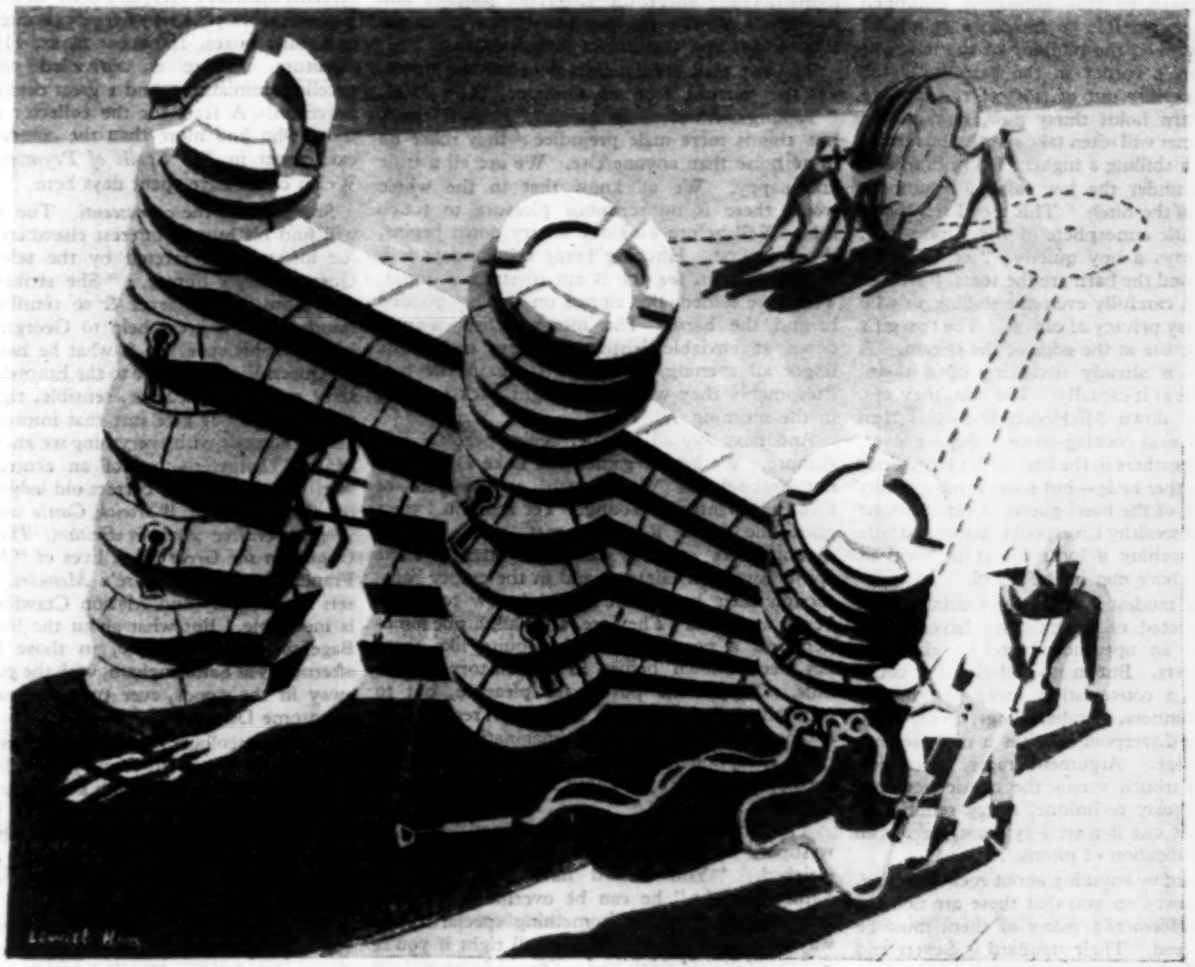
The Week-end Mountaineers

All week the valley belongs demurely to the prosperous and mainly middle-aged guests of the hotel. They walk, they scramble, they make excursions by car. No tents stud the fields, and up at the farm the barn stands empty, an old stone-built relic that seems to have fallen out of use. But on Friday night two motor-cycles and a fantastically ancient car are parked outside it, voices and the roar of a Primus can be heard within. The first of them, those that work a five-day week, have arrived.

By Saturday morning the voices are ringing from the crags which hang like a screen above the hotel, and the guests, standing on the road with field-glasses, are able to make out fly-like figures running out great lengths of rope. And all through Saturday the influx mounts, tents go up, the barn fills, and so does the bar which our landlord, himself a distinguished climber and not so long ago an impecunious young thing, has converted out of a cowshed and furnished to resemble an Alpine hut. And in fact that is what it is. Its function is to shelter the dozens of young creatures who take possession of this valley every week-end, to provide them with a warm, light meeting-place as an alternative to damp tent and draughty barn. For they are the Club des Sans-Club of the mountains, linked not by badges and membership fees but by a common passion for rock-climbing and need and ability to live hard, and this is their clubroom.

Who and what are they? When everyone wears climbing-clothes and has a North-Country accent, it is not easy for a Londoner to identify occupation and social class. I should guess that more of them come from the office than the factory; some are students, or engaged in the desultory business of waiting for the call-up. They are any age between seventeen and thirty, mostly male, but with a sprinkling of girls. And it is gratifying that some of the girls come as independent couples, doing their own camping and their own leading, accepted as equals. One such couple tell me that they have only missed three week-ends since they started climbing four years ago.

They come from all over the north of England, from the Manchester ring, Liverpool, Barrow, the West Riding towns. One late-comer is from Glasgow. He could, he admits, as easily hitch up to Glencoe, but nowadays that original nursery of the socially underprivileged mountaineer is less welcoming to his sort than the Lakes. But the need to do the week-end on a shoestring budget is common to them all, not so much through intrinsic poverty as because when you come every week-end, winter and summer alike, you must make it as cheap to mountaineer as to lounge round the cinema at home. Most of the boys have motor-cycles, for today one owns transport when one owns nothing else. The others, and all the girls, have hitched. Hitching



The Schweppshire Way of Life

4 THE SCHWEXPORT DRIVE

It has been well said (Bricey: *Yarns of an Old Economist)* that exports are not exportable unless they are portable. It will not surprise many to learn that Schweppshire provides its own typically individual answer to this typical problem.

ENGLISH HERITAGE CO., LTD., (write Room D, 619 Beltane Road) gives this message from the Old World to the New. In former days the need was met by taking to pieces very old Suffolk barns and putting them together again in exact replica, with the rats' nests pasteurised, somewhere in the U.S.A., often Florida.

Occasionally, extremely ruined castles were treated in the same way. The picture shows, we hope, an advance. Rather small, light, pneumatic thirteenth century castles are put up in England and immediately taken down again. Deflated, they are shipped in slim wrappers across the Atlantic to, say, Baltimore. Here they can be pumped up and filled, for authenticity, with genuine English air which has been flown over in canisters similar to those we employ for delivering Genuine Club Atmosphere to West 44th Street.

Dummy Countesses, family ghosts (see inset), splendid old butlers and trustworthy old gardeners in a range of six colours, can be supplied as extras. AND DO NOT FORGET our Daisies Pied made of specially treated indiarubber with genuine Warwickshire soil at the roots and packed by our subsidiary Little Hedgerow Flower Co.: AND our genuine Sussex thatch suitable for telephone booths or very low skyscrapers: or our Easy-to-Pack White Cliffs of Dover in sections made of Plastic Nuchork — can be cleaned with the wipe of a cloth.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH is reduced to a fine art, though it must also add considerably to the week-end's nervous strain. A bonny face and a climbing-rope no doubt help.

The low crags of this admirably equipped valley make it possible to nip up a couple of "Severes" between the pitching of the tents, or securing of one's corner in the barn, and the preparation (rapidly out of tins) of the evening meal. The barn holds thirty now, (and in the height of summer will often take sixty); the farmer charges them a shilling a night. On piles of soft clean bracken under the low rafters, recumbent figures sleep off the hitch. This too, I tell them, has the authentic atmosphere of the Alpine hut. "Has it?" says a boy quietly; "we wouldn't know." Beyond the barn are the tents, for those who must look carefully even at a shilling, or who prefer the flimsy privacy of canvas. The two girls have an idyllic site at the edge of the stream. A curtain of rain is already advancing upon them, but they glance at it casually. The rain, they say, always comes down Mickleden first—and turn again to their neat cooking-stove. Supper over, the whole clan gathers in the bar. It is a struggle to squeeze in another body—but room is most kindly made for such of the hotel guests as care to come slumming. A wealthy Liverpool solicitor and wife are raptly absorbing a local colour as vivid as anything they have met in the Tyrol.

Drinking is modest; some don't drink at all, nor is it expected of them; they have earned their seat on an upturned barrel as climbers, not as customers. But in no golf-club bar could you overhear a conversation more passionately technical. Runners, karabs, slings, pegs, vibs, trykes—to the Liverpool solicitor it must seem a foreign language. Argument rages, discussion of the new Tarbuck versus the classic bowline-and-shoulder-belay technique, angry rebuttal of accusation that one is a rock-gymnast, debate on the moral justification of pitons. . . .

And if you know anything about rock-climbing, it presently dawns on you that these are not just competent performers; many of them must be very good indeed. Their standard is Severe and up. The best of them are probably the best rock-climbers we have now. The initiative which the professional classes have held since the formation of the Alpine Club (itself originally, one tends to forget, a group of young "sans-clubbistes" whose clubroom was the open space opposite a Zermatt inn)—this initiative is passing to the mountain gypsies, for the very sufficient reason that it is they, and not the average Fell & Rock or Climbers' Club member, who can get up here with the relentless regularity the highest flights of skill demand.

Not that anyone admits to being good; modesty is carried almost to excess. The talk is all of how scared we were: "Yeh, but I'd only do it on a top rope," "I can't force meself to fall off," "Better be a coward for five minutes than dead for all your life." There is a huge repertory of songs, which all deal with falls and deaths and burials at the crag's foot; these plainly have a therapeutic value. Legendary figures climb far, far better than anyone present; "That was one of Dan's leads"; "I can't even second Joe's new routes." Joe and Dan one does not meet, but if one did, it is an even bet that they too would have their Man Higher Up. On the pioneer ascent of these Super-Severes it seems that the rope must get up, fakir-fashion, by itself.

If it is wet on Sunday, there is a return to the tough little Severes of Raven Crag, a mere ten minutes above the hotel. But if it is fine we go high—to Gimmer, to Bowfell Butress, to Pavey Ark. And then there are sights worth seeing!—flies on walls, immense run-outs of glistening white nylon rope and such laughter, such comradeship, so generous a welcome to the odd man out who has hopefully brought along his gym-shoes. Almost, the Liverpool solicitor and wife, here to take photographs of the mountain aristocracy, find themselves levitated too.

The two girls are dancing, delicately on tiptoe, up the vertical face of Gimmer Main Wall. "Talking themselves up the cliff," sniffs a friend, but this is mere male prejudice; they make no more noise than anyone else. We are all a trifle crag-happy. We all know that in the whole world there is no sensuous pleasure to touch this. Well before dusk the scurry down begins, the girls first. Hitching home on Sundays is a nervy business, for one is apt to strike a queue. Tents are folded, tins tipped on to the midden behind the barn. The motor-cyclists saunter down at enviable leisure. A few enthusiasts linger all evening round the stove in the bar. Presumably they will ride straight back to work in the morning.

And next day all is quiet again, peaceful and demure. We have regained the Lake District, if not precisely of Wordsworth, at any rate of Geoffrey Winthrop Young. Yet it is no longer quite the same, for once met, the week-end mountaineers are not easily forgotten. Their spirits linger on Gimmer and in the empty barn, though their bodies are chained now to work-bench and desk. They are, after all, a phenomenon and a portent. Nothing quite like them has been known before in the history of the hills. They come purely for pleasure, but to gain that pleasure they must tap reserves of courage and enterprise and imagination that are quite exceptional. Surely some of them, at all events, will end by leading more than a rock-climb?

The Liverpool solicitor, with Langdale for his washpot, nevertheless looks aimless and dissatisfied. "You should have been here on Saturday night," he can be overheard telling a new arrival, "we had something special in the way of a party then. Still, it's all right if you're staying over next week-end. They'll be back."

ELIZABETH COXHEAD

A Queen's Treasure House

FOUR toques, a brace of parasols, four queenly gowns moulded on matronly dummies. A large glass case containing these objects startles the visitor as he hastens past the Chinese pottery in the Far Eastern Rooms and stands on the threshold of Queen Mary's Art Treasures. Whether one is touched or amused or feels both emotions together, depends largely on one's age and temperament. How do you feel, reader, when the newsreel flashes the Trooping the Colour, or Elgar strikes at you from the bandstand across the Park? Does your imagination play over Windsor and Spithead and Sandringham, or do these words remain names in a newspaper headline? It depends on your answer whether or not you will enjoy this exhibition at the V. & A.

Unless, that is, you are a connoisseur. As you might expect, there are plenty of connoisseurs about: they can be heard cooing over the ormolu, cricking their necks at the jasperware, straining at the ropes round the exhibits to get a better view of the Ch'ien Lung vases. Old ladies' lorgnettes click endlessly above the bibelots and the Cartier travelling clock ("lapis lazuli and mother-of-pearl . . . standing on three jade owls"). For a shilling you can glut yourself on Sèvres, Blue John, Meissen, tortoiseshell, brass inlay, and Berlin enamel, on the fans, étuis, tea-caddies, fire-screens, musical boxes, and dolls' house furniture. You can work your way happily through 350 snuff and toilet boxes, 150 scent flasks, 110 pieces of furniture. There is unrivalled piqué, some excellent miniatures, and a great deal of splendid porcelain. A feast for the collector and for all those who find more than the common reader's excitement in *The Spoils of Poynton*. Denton Welch could have spent days here.

So much for the *cognoscenti*. The lay observer will find his human interest elsewhere. He will, for instance, be riveted by the selection from Queen Mary's library. "She strikes me more and more as vy. clever & so sensible & right-minded & is a great help to Georgie. Helping him with his speeches & what he has to write." So Queen Victoria wrote to the Empress Frederick sixty years ago. Clever, sensible, right-minded: these book-cases give just that impression. Her library accords with everything we know of Queen Mary's character—that of an acute, extremely intelligent and highly correct old lady with a taste for the fine arts. *Warwick Castle and its Earls*, *The Decorative Arts in Britain*, *The Grenadier Guards in the Great War*, lives of "Nikki" and Francis Joseph, Poincaré's *Memoirs*, the bound sets of Kingsley and Marion Crawford—all this is inevitable. But what about the life of Walter Bagehot? And did she, in those long damp afternoons at Sandringham, with the guns banging away in the woods, ever turn the pages of her handsome Dante?

The watercolours of gardens are execrable, and so are the twentieth-century porcelain flowers. Here is dainty ugliness with a vengeance. Queen Mary's knowledge of antiques was impeccable, but her contemporary taste would appear to have been terrible and sublime, a kind of glorified Raphael Tuck that went with the toques, the gold lamé, and the Fabergé parasols. Fabergé is much in evidence; he has a case to himself. The old Tsarist court jeweller still has a creepy fascination for us. His craftsmanship epitomises all that world of hideous Edwardian luxury that came crashing down in 1914. A clock of pink Siberian orletz, an enamelled convolvulus with diamond centres resting in a jade tub, or a Buddha in rose quartz with a nodding chalcedony head: the visitor can make his choice of iniquities.

So we take our leave, having seen a Queen's pretty things. Queen Mary trailed a royal dragnet through England's antique shops and country houses and the catch is somehow less striking than we had supposed. Yet one would not have missed this exhibition. It is the assembled spoils of a personality, the composite portrait of a magnificent and indomitable old woman. There is something intensely moving about a perfected life such as Queen Mary's, an existence that conforms unalterably, day after day, year after year, to its aims and essence, living itself out in the imagination of a people. The English may be among Europe's older souls, but they have short memories. Our collective legend only dates from the Industrial Revolution: it hardly stretches back beyond Queen Victoria. We have no Bastille, no Convention, to quicken our historical pulses—only Osborne and Frogmore and Balmoral, the plumes and the Dead March and the corpse-laden gun-carriage dragging heavily uphill to the Castle. Some of us may sigh for the barricades, but, alas, the barricades are not for us. We must continue to spin in the grooves of our own milder mythology. Inescapably, for better or worse, we are the sons of the Widow.

JOHN RAYMOND

Waste Not, Want Not

NOT EVERY chemical experiment carried out by I.C.I. Dyestuffs Division yields a new dyestuff. Many are completely abortive, but others may yield a compound of value in other fields—for instance, as a drug, an insecticide, an insulator or a disinfectant. For that reason, samples of new compounds are sent to I.C.I.'s medical and veterinary research station at Wilmslow, Cheshire; to the Company's agricultural and plant protection stations at Jealott's Hill, Berkshire; or to other I.C.I. research establishments, where they can be tested for any worthwhile property that might be developed for the benefit of industry or agriculture.

That versatile material 'Perspex', marketed today by I.C.I.'s Plastics Division, actually evolved out of research begun by I.C.I.'s Dyestuffs and Nobel Divisions. The powerful 'Gammexane' insecticides were developed by workers at Hawthorndale on the basis of initial research in the laboratories of I.C.I.'s General Chemicals Division at Widnes. Again, 'Methoxone', the remarkable hormone compound that destroys weeds but leaves cereals and grasses unharmed, was the result of a combined research effort by Jealott's Hill and I.C.I.'s Dyestuffs Division—each of which contributed its specialised knowledge to the joint success. This cross-fertilisation of one division by another ensures that every new compound will be critically examined and, if valuable, manufactured—even though it may be of no commercial interest to the division that originally discovered it. Such a system—only possible in a large-scale organisation which covers nearly every branch of chemical research and manufacture—is one of the reasons why I.C.I. has been able to make so many of the most significant discoveries of modern times, and today holds a position of leadership in the chemical field.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

ICI

The Arts and Entertainment

STRAVINSKY

IGOR STRAVINSKY, who loves to end his ballets with a serene classical apotheosis, was himself received on Thursday of last week into the British musical pantheon. His presentation with the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society by the Master of the Queen's Music took place during an exceedingly enjoyable concert, at which the 72-year-old composer effectively conducted four of his ballet scores and received an ovation from a packed Festival Hall. The transformation, from *enfant terrible* to revered master clichés, was complete.

In a speech free from the empty clichés of compliment, Sir Arthur Bliss referred to Stravinsky as " a great inventor and manipulator of music." Some people may have thought the second noun ironical or grudging, but it was exact. First-rate composers necessarily *contain* a great manipulator, and it is partly the lack of sheer musical resourcefulness that debars Berlioz, in the opinion of some, from the highest category. But with Stravinsky, as with certain painters, handling has come to play a predominant role. It was not always so with him. He began his career with a series of tremendous creative eruptions which have deflected the whole course of modern music. After *Petrouchka*, which still glitters and sparkles as though its paint were scarcely dry, it must have seemed that he could go no further along that path; yet he did, amazingly, go on to compose *The Rite of Spring*. That was really the end of the road: like *Pelléas* and *Das Lied von der Erde* and perhaps Berg's Violin Concerto, *The Rite* is one of the great culs-de-sac of modern music. Thence forward Stravinsky became more manipulator than inventor; but his astounding aural imagination, his unfailing taste and techincal skill, have made his manipulations often far more exciting than the inventions of others.

Many explanations of Stravinsky's deflection from the forward path of his early days have been put forward, and all of them hold some element of the truth. There is the straightforward Marxist view that, in his continual flirtation with the styles of various past epochs, he is merely averting his eyes from the confusion and chaos of the present—that is, of the decaying Western civilisation in which he has chosen to live. There is the nationalist view that his career illustrates the dangerous predicament of an artist who cuts himself off completely from his native roots—a predicament more dangerous to a Slavonic artist than to a native of one of the more homogeneous Western European countries or to a Europeanised American like Henry James. There is the strictly musical explanation implied above—that Stravinsky knew that he had exhausted his private vein and was far too intelligent to go on repeating himself. To this a hostile critic like Constant Lambert would add that Stravinsky was pushed in the direction of pastiche by his lack of an original melodic faculty. But Lambert, writing his brilliant *Music Ho!* in 1933, did not allow for or even recognise that powerful individuality of Stravinsky which can be felt, and relished, even in those works in which his debt to the past is most evident.

The Philharmonic concert began with the Divertimento drawn from *Le Baiser de la Fée*, a ballet made out of minor piano pieces and songs of Tchaikovsky. This is a score which Diaghilev (who adored Tchaikovsky) found " drab," and which seems to have disappointed others among Stravinsky's warmest admirers. It is hard now to see why. Not only the scoring, but the rhythmical handling, is miraculously deft and wholly individual: *Le Baiser de la Fée* stands in the same relation to Tchaikovsky as does *La Boutique Fantasque* to Rossini, and no more deserves censure than does Respighi's ballet. By 1944, when he wrote the *Scènes de Ballet*, the next piece in the Philharmonic programme, Stravinsky's sense of style has become so sure, that, like a great cook, he can concoct a memorable dish out of commonplace ingredients. The thematic material is often commonplace, but its results are not. That variation for the ballerina, in which two solo cellos play in thirds against a feathery string accompaniment, is essentially second-hand Tchaikovsky, but its rhythmical twists and hesitations are pure Stravinsky. So again with the adagio C major trumpet melody, imitated by a horn at two bars' distance, which sounds like a tune played outside a celestial pub and gives one the same sort of pleasure as one of Sickert's paraphrases on Victorian oleographs—the pleasure of the commonplace transformed by the magic of style.

Besides these two works, Stravinsky had chosen for performance the ever-welcome *Petrouchka* excerpts and the *Orpheus* of 1947. This is one of the purest of his later works, one of those, like the *Symphony of Psalms* or the recent Mass, which may depend no less than others on the stimulus of newly rediscovered past styles, yet quiver with an interior life of their own: examples not only of consummate manipulation but of recovered invention too. When performed to the exquisitely musical choreography of Balanchine, *Orpheus* was most impressive in the theatre; in the concert hall its classical lucidity was hardly less effective. If one wishes to penetrate the secret of Stravinsky's command of style, one cannot do better than study the first two pages of *Orpheus*: the harp, in even crotchets punctuated by rests, mournfully descending in the Phrygian mode, but subtly varying the sequence of the descending scale like a bellringer, while the strings, beautifully spaced in five parts, add a consolatory background: observe, as one fine detail among many, the solemn effect made in the eleventh bar by the three Cs, successively dropping through two octaves, played *piano ma marcato* by the trombones. This opening tableau of *Orpheus* is a truly original conception, and one of the most beautiful moments in modern music. Afterwards, it cannot be denied, beneath the smooth surface of Stravinsky's handling we perceive elements so diverse as Tchaikovsky, Monteverdi and Bach: the beautiful *Air de Danse* for Orpheus in the second scene, for two oboes with harp and string accompaniment, could never have been written without the inspiration of Bach's cantatas and Passions.

Why is it that some of us find no difficulty in accepting the diverse sources of inspiration in *Orpheus* while we feel unhappy, in *The Rake's Progress*, when the style veers from Mozart's *Così fan tutte* (in the Whores' Chorus, " How sad a song ") to Weber (or, as a famous conductor described it, " crazy Clementi ") in the cabaletta to Anne's aria at the end of the first act? Partly, no doubt, because the standard is much more uneven in Stravinsky's opera than in his ballet: of the two instances I have quoted, the first is touching and perfectly in key with the mood, whereas the second sounds like a mere piece of opportunism, a sham-brilliant finale to ring down the curtain, such as any good student could have devised; which has moreover the effect of dispelling the interest in Anne as a personality lately aroused by her B minor aria. Behind this lies, I think, a basic distinction between opera and ballet. Ballet is a very much more stylised art, an art always tending away from human emotion towards the decorative. Even in Italian opera buffa, the most stylised kind of opera still current, we are far nearer recognisable human beings than in ballet: Nemorino and Don Pasquale get caught in absurd stock situations, but they are creatures of flesh and blood. Stravinsky is a masterly ballet composer, not only because he has spent half a lifetime in the dancer's world and knows its problems inside out, but because his sense of style, his natural genius for the decorative and for the ingenious harmonising of different stylistic elements, is perfectly suited to the world of ballet. His best chance of achieving an operatic masterpiece lay, probably, in his finding a perfectly mechanical *buffo* libretto, the modern equivalent of *Così fan tutte*. In *The Rake's Progress*, partly on account of an uncertain libretto, we become aware of incongruities which would not disturb us in a ballet, because human character is not the subject of ballet.

It is one of Stravinsky's engaging characteristics that he never wishes to stand still. His latest interest is in the very strict kind of contrapuntal writing, packed with retrogressions, retrograde inversions and so forth, of the 1953 Septet, which has been twice broadcast and once performed in the Festival Hall by the Virtuoso Chamber Ensemble. As far as the mere listener is concerned, these ingenuities mostly exist on paper only, and the resulting sound is dry, though probably it need not be so dry as it was made to seem by its first English performers. Behind the dryness, the Septet seemed an interesting work, but rather a study for a new phase of development than an assured achievement.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

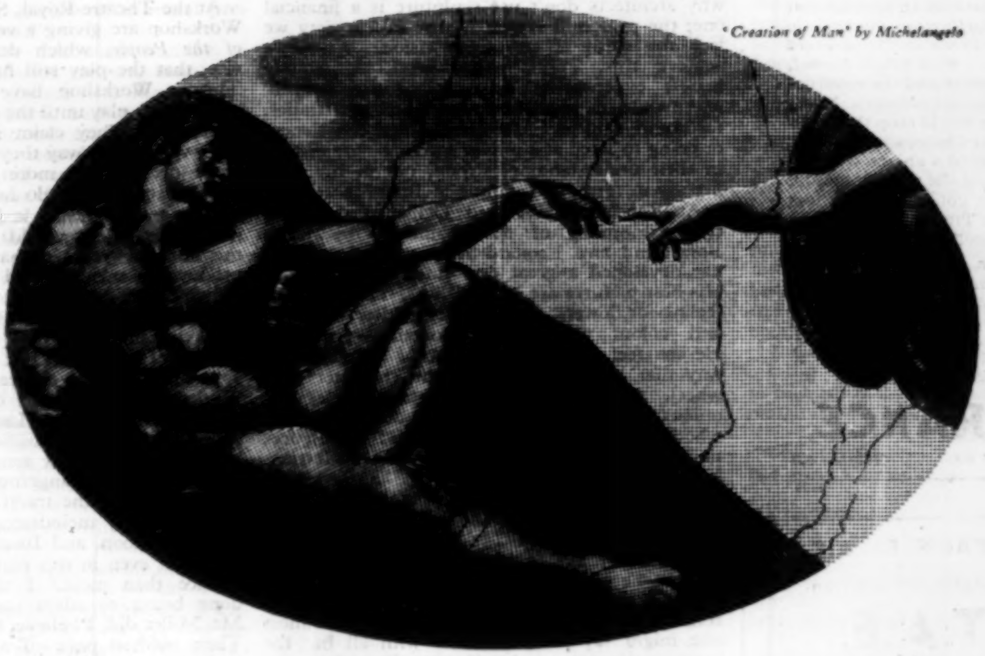
ART AND ARCHITECTURE

IT is possible that one day abstract art will be usefully incorporated into architecture. Which is to say that one day abstract art may be recognised and used for what it is—a highly conscious and specialised form of interior (or exterior) decoration. But this will only happen when the attitude of mind of abstract artists has changed a great deal—when they no longer feel insulted at being called decorators. At the moment they believe they are creating full works of art: works—to use Blake's phrase—of love and imagination. In fact they are works of denial, and the exhibition called *The Artist v. Machine* at the Building Centre, Store Street, illustrates very well what one means by that.

The point of this show, which includes sculpture, models, murals, drawings and photographs by Victor Pasmore, Vezelay and others, is to demonstrate how the artist should " accept " the machine and produce abstract works to fit in with modern building techniques. In support of its intentions it claims that modern science is developing towards an " abstract " idea of the world. Both these arguments are false. There is no virtue in " *accepting* " the machine in the almost metaphysical sense that this exhibition implies; what is important is that the machine should be *used* sensibly. Machines are tools, and there is no reason why the artist should not use them as such. The mistake is to confuse ends with means: to make the machine the *subject*. Equally, Science, however abstract the organisation of some of its findings, is essentially the working out of the means by which man can control and adapt this environment—which is the actual, not in the least abstract, world. All this of course has been said before. But what is so revealing about this exhibition is that it shows how what amounts to a denial of human responsibility leads very quickly to a denial of pleasure. One might well compare the practice of abstract art to that of Calvinism.

Released from representational obligations into a world of pure free form, what do these artists produce? Severe black squares on white, a single piece of rope arranged in a curve, massive unrelieved rectangles of concrete, some plain wooden sticks fitted together into a sort of multiple crutch, a construction which looks like an unpainted turnstile, scraps of coloured Perspex. The sad thing is not that one find objects as well designed in any good ironmongers, but that the ironmongers' shop appears ten times as gay, colourful and decorative.

I would like to be able to praise unreservedly Peter Peri's exhibition of *Sculpture in relation to Architecture* at the A.A. in Bedford Square. Peri has not confused ends with means. He has worked out a method of modelling in coloured concrete specifically to suit modern building. He has used wire mesh originally in bas reliefs. He has followed up the logic of the way modern architecture " opens up " all directions of space and has designed figures to spring



'Creation of Man' by Michelangelo

Life is a privilege

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)

Life is a dream, a jest, a burden, we have been told; it has even been called 'a long headache in a noisy street'. It can be all these things; and it can be more. Life, for anyone, is first of all an opportunity; to dream if we wish, or to create; to plod along, or to soar; to complain, or to serve.

The lives of organisations can be as various as those of individuals. Some follow placidly in the steps of centuries; others must ceaselessly advance if they are to survive at all. But in the industrial world of to-day, there is no such choice of philosophy: each industry must constantly be seeking new methods, new tasks, and new markets

Life is a guess, a trial, a challenge.

Life is a privilege.

Esso

Esso Petroleum Company, Limited

PARIS

We stepped straight into the atmosphere of Paris in the Epicurean at London Airport. They gave us an aperitif and then Caviare, *Poularde de Bresse en Chaud-Froid* with *Salade Rachel*, cheese and the most delightful *pâtisserie*. Nothing would stop them filling our Champagne glasses. It seemed a shame we were in one of the new Viscounts, for we got to Orly in less than an hour. As our Travel Agent told us, the £16 return was well worth it.

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horizontally from their walls. And at the same time, whilst doing all this, he has preserved the essential human content of his work. Yet in his large-scale monumental works he fails; fails very honourably because the reason for his failure is simply that no artist can create an heroic style single-handed. The usual, immediate reason why architects don't use sculpture is a financial one; the profound reason is that as a society we lack the spirit of an heroic vision. When we achieve this, Peri's virile, gruff, desperately honest experiments may well prove helpful. Meanwhile his small work—his character studies, for example, of people searching their consciences or going to sleep at a prayer meeting—are mature in their understanding, strong, not in the least literary in form, and unique in British sculpture.

At Roland Browse and Delbanco there are two exhibitions of new paintings by Jacob Bornfriend and Leonard Rosoman. Bornfriend has developed a great deal since his last show. His best pictures are his still lives. He has a real feeling for flowers, fruit and vegetables. His line and colour are naturally organic—vegetable. He can feel, say, the character of a gourd in a way that he can never feel the character of a wheel. As a result his flowers and apples and onions undergo an intensification of their nature, whereas his inanimate objects and his figures undergo a somewhat unconvincing distortion. Sometimes, as in *Flowers in a Blue Jug*, both processes occur on the same canvas; the flowers are excellently painted, the jug is over "soft." At other times, as in *The Laden Table, Onions*, or *Fruit on the Table*—green, sweet-smelling apples—he succeeds completely.

Rosoman's paintings are mostly light-swooning romantic landscapes: exquisitely painted—almost one might say perfumed. As with all but the greatest romantic works, if one goes right up to them, inhabits them, forgets everything to listen to the artist telling his dream, one travels from passage to passage enchanted. If one stands back, one can only see the unfused fragments of another man's wishes—rather as though one were reading a stranger's love letters.

JOHN BERGER

THREE CLASSICS

IT is presumably the difficulty of collecting together enough genuine Irish actors which prevents us in London being given more often the work of our finest living dramatist, Mr. Sean O'Casey. *Juno and the Paycock* is, I admit, fairly frequently to be seen, and attempts, not very well received, have been made with his later work. But the chance of seeing *The Plough and the Stars*, for instance, is rare and I warmly advise everyone who can to get to the New Lindsey Theatre, Notting Hill Gate, and give themselves the great pleasure of seeing this play. The production and acting are not quite of the first order, but they are more than good enough to give us the flavour: and Mr. Liam Redmond and Miss Shela Ward act in the high Irish tradition.

The Plough and the Stars is not so neat in construction as *Juno*, but it is no less rich and full; and one note, the note of compassionate humanity, is struck more frequently and held longer. It cannot have been easy out of the very middle of the struggle to observe with so impartial and pitiful an eye as Mr. O'Casey does here. The Easter Rising is the background against which the assorted inhabitants of a Dublin tenement continue their voluble expressive lives. There are no heroes and no heroics; there is seedy death at the street corner and useless accidental death at the window and the inevitable death of disease indoors, but at the centre ordinary life-as-it-is asserts its everyday appetites, boasts and lechers and boozes and strikes attitudes with itself as the bombs burst and bullets whine. Fluther Good is the main personification of this, a superb character, bursting with the unquenchable vitality that dramatises itself into accidental poetry. Mr. Liam Redmond completely embodies this eternal and changeless character. This is the last of the small Irish season of plays at the New Lindsey, and one hopes that it has been successful enough to tempt a management to try something more ambitious of the same kind. O'Casey deserves a fuller-scaled treatment than the resources of the small theatre club can command.

At the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.15, Theatre Workshop are giving a version of Ibsen's *Enemy of the People*, which demonstrates, if nothing else, that the play still has in it the vital spark. Theatre Workshop have broadened the treatment of the play until the characters become mere caricatures. They claim in justification that on their visit to Norway they found that the Norwegians drew much more humour out of Ibsen than we commonly do here. Neither the argument nor the result it has achieved convinces me. After all, it would have been possible in the last few years to have seen Shakespearean productions which would have justified the most ludicrous of approaches. Natives can mangle their own masterpieces as effectively as foreigners. A foreign play, of course, has to go through some process of adaptation if it is to make an equivalent appeal to quite a different audience. Theatre Workshop put this tale of a quarrel dividing a town council into a Lancashire accent. Fair enough, though the difficulty some of the cast have in getting their tongues round it slows up the pace rather dangerously. But further, they act the play in the tradition of our native nineteenth-century melodrama. This makes it into a mere cartoon, and Ibsen is always much more than that even in this play which is more on the surface than most. I think they would have done better to adapt more thoroughly still as Mr. Miller did, I believe, for American audiences. Their method pays off well in the Fourth Act, where they hold the public meeting in a theatre and so are able to bring in the technique of audience participation. This gives the meeting a very lively air. But the fact is that, apart from their approach, the difficulties of repertory casting rather do them down, and they are perhaps less happy in the naturalistic mode than in some others.

At the Arts a perhaps mercifully forgotten frolic by Goldoni is being revived in a translation by Clifford Bax. This might pass in a superb production if it were condensed to the length of a curtain-raiser. But as it is, little invention has gone to making the tantrums of five out-of-work opera singers seem on the stage less tiresome than they might be in real life. In the circumstances the young producer and the cast have done well to keep the fun going as long as it does. Mr. Ivan Staff works hard with the worn-out gags of a male soprano and Miss Jessie Evans brings real style and life to the leading female one; while Mr. Donald Pleasence takes what chances there are in the part of a drunken poet. But this is one of the Arts Theatre's lapses, all the more easily forgiven when we notice that their next production is to be of Pirandello's *Six Characters* with a cast headed by Miss Mary Morris.

T. C. WORSLEY

LOOK AND LISTEN

I CONFESS that until three weeks ago I had not heard of Mr. Ron Randell. I cannot pretend to be ashamed of this ignorance because I am persuaded it was shared by the vast majority of the inhabitants of these islands, even though Mr. Randell has played in Hollywood films. But I have heard of him now; and if you haven't, that proves that you are not a television viewer and that your daily newspaper costs more than three-ha'pence. As for the rest of us, it seems we are either wild about him or mad with him.

Mr. Randell first swam into our ken on the evening of Sunday, May 16. There were no significant portents to herald his arrival; indeed his name did not even appear in *Radio Times*. We switched on to *What's My Line?* and there he was, deputising for Mr. Eamonn Andrews as question-master: brisk, brash and completely uninhibited, and exuberant to a degree of extraversion that kept the more sensitive members of the panel perceptibly at a polite English wincing-point. Not, we thought, a very good question-master: garrulous, and yet possessed of an extraordinarily limited vocabulary consisting mainly of the simpler adjective of approval prefixed by the word " real."

We switched on the following Sunday, I suspect like the majority of viewers, mainly to see how Mr. Randell got on with Mr. Gilbert Harding, who, we thought, had regarded him somewhat quizzically on his initial appearance. It was Mr. Randell who went to town, not Mr. Harding, whom he treated with as little deference as a whirlwind might have done, though one also felt at times that he had the advantage of not always understanding Mr. Harding's punctilious and orotund English. He had the panel out-manoeuvred and out-gunned by his sheer high-spirits and chromium-plated self-confidence. He might have been—and one fancies that this is both his strength and his weakness—any bright young hoofing hero in any cheerfully unsophisticated American film, and there was not the least doubt who was being the life and soul of the particular party one was watching.

After his first appearance in *What's My Line?* Mr. Randell received more than a thousand letters, overwhelmingly ecstatic, from young women listeners. He is the latest heart-throb. It would be idle to speculate why, though one can see that he represents an ideal image of the young American male, with his air of having stepped straight out of a Hollywood picture of the campus of a state university in the Middle-West. In fact, he is not an American at all, but an Australian. I must say the outraged indignation of my fellow critics at his achievement strikes me as comic. That he has shifted the whole focus of the programme in which he appears doesn't matter in the least, seeing the programme it is. What is interesting is that, so far as I know, this is the first time British TV has produced an image of the romantic dream, however disconcerting the image may be to the male, the middle-aged and the middle-class.

The wonder is that one has not emerged before. But the number of people whose reputations have been made wholly by sound broadcasting is small, and that made by television even smaller. There is Mr. Harding, the poor man's rogue elephant and so essentially an anti-romantic figure. There is Mr. Pickles, whose television series, *Ask Pickles*, began last week, and Mr. Pickles's appeal is surely to the domestic values. He exists in a family context, the image of the devoted elder son or the kindly elder brother: when, as the other evening, he says to the pretty girl, " And are you coortin' ? " gets the answer " I'm married," and replies, " You cheeky monkey!" he speaks as the privileged who do not over-step privilege are allowed to speak. I suspect he gains his full effect on sound.

Mr. Randell is different and, so far as British TV goes, new. It was while pondering him that I came across a sentence from the American Television Code: " It is the responsibility of television to bear constantly in mind that the audience is primarily a home audience, and consequently that television's relationship to the viewers is that between guest and host." Well, there are guests and guests and hosts and hosts, and I admit I feel Mr. Randell would probably find me a pretty poor and unappreciative host, as I should find him altogether too flamboyant a guest. But I doubt the truth of the analogy: there are plenty of people I want to see on the TV screen whom I have no wish to meet in the flesh: Senator McCarthy for one. Or what is one to say of the spectacle we had last week in *Panorama* of a dentist's extracting a tooth from a young woman under hypnosis? Not one to delight in dentistry either at first-hand or vicariously, I yet found the programme eerily fascinating, and I think editor and producer of *Panorama* alike deserve congratulation on their journalistic enterprise in showing us this example of hypnosis in the service of surgery. Too rigid an insistence on the view that television's relationship to its audience is parallel with that between guest and host would have kept it out. It would keep out a majority of serious programmes. The relationship between television and its audience is that between those who can be switched off and those who control the switch. It is as simple as that.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Rainbow Jacket," at the Odeon

"Phantom of the Rue Morgue," at the London Pavilion

"Henriette," at the Cameo-Poly

Another racing film, another British boy with horse genius and temptations! This time it's in Technicolor, with a script by Mr. T. E. B. Clarke, and such luminaries as Mr. Robert Morley in the cast. Yet it doesn't beat the more modest *Devil on Horseback*. That Group 3 production confined itself to Newmarket, whereas this does a round of the racecourses; and both in photography and feeling the earlier film had it every time. True it worked itself up to an ecstasy of sentimentality, but its horses remain with me, whereas those of *The Rainbow Jacket* are already over the hills and far away.

Ealing's advantage is in the comedy parts. Mr. Morley as Lord Something-or-other explodes pop-eyed on to the course as he has at various times in Shaw, Television, and for all I know, musical comedy. Then there's a pleasantly snarling head stable lad from Charles Victor; and the representatives of the Jockey Club look as comically impressive as no doubt they are. An excellent performance by Mr. Bill Owen as a warned-off jockey has to touch emotional tears as well as laughter; and the boy, Fella Edmonds, shows up well. It is a pity that the plot should steer through such obvious melodrama and hack emotions, because the races are made exciting.

Phantom of the Rue Morgue tries to improve on Poe by introducing a series of murders of beautiful girls, an idiotic detective, a pair of lovers, a mad zoologist, and a gorilla kept in an underground cell in a zoo. Between murders we enjoy the can-can. Considerably before his time the mad zoologist is experimenting with mice in conditional reflexes: perhaps he goes further than Pavlov in producing a "killer" mouse, and certainly in training a gorilla to murder any girl on whose wrist a bracelet tinkles bells. He hypnotises the gorilla too, and in the end—after a few lions let loose and a nice bit of tree climbing—the gorilla holds the heroine in his arms aloft. Needless to say *she* doesn't suffer from this adventure, but the gorilla gets shot before he can get his readjusted reflexes working as they should. By the way, everyone is asked not to reveal this plot; but since the only real murder in the whole extravaganza has been that of Poe, I don't find the appeal binding. The film's chief interest is that it is one of the last films, apparently, to be made in 3-D. There's still a Hitchcock to come. Otherwise we can say of this lost and, to my mind, promising medium, that it has missed every chance with unerring skill.

In a week so devoid of interests I took the chance of visiting a film that I had missed during a recent holiday. This was Duvivier's *Henriette*. It is no masterpiece, as advertised, but it does play amusingly with the notion of film-making. The middle-aged script-writers wrangle with one another, have brainwaves and boss-shots as we go along; and some of these improvisations—all of which are enacted as soon as thought of—are entertaining. A quite diverting cut-up tale is fabricated, with a few jokes about film fashions. But the whole thing—an attempt to "do" *Quatorze Juillet* in a new way—is too long, heavy, and elaborate for its convention. Clair chopped and changed far more effectively in his last film, and in *Quatorze Juillet* he realised all the popular zest and charm *Henriette* has let slip.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

THE PENSIONERS' PLIGHT

SIR,—I remember how shocked I was when I first went to England at hearing there, even more than in this country, the pious remark that social services tend to " coddle " the lazy. I was forcibly reminded of this by two visits to retired charwomen in South London, during the cold spell in February.

The first, who was near 80, I found in an icy room, wrapped in a coat and blanket and stooped over a few dying coals, trying to blow life into them. " I've been a charwoman in the big houses," she said, " but I've worked too hard, I'm played out. I want to die." Her only child, a son, she explained, had been killed in the war. She apologised for her appearance saying: " I'm waiting for the coal to come so that I can heat some water to wash my face." She said it was the second time that week she had had to order coal and that she paid sixpence each time for delivery. The coal was carried by men on their backs up the four flights to her rooms.

I tried to question her about her food, but she was too distraught to tell me much except that she preferred to cook her own. She would obviously be a difficult person for a social worker to deal with—still I felt her circumstances to be unnecessarily harsh.

My second hostess took pride in the fact that she had been a charwoman in Somerset House for 11 years. " They always asked me to do the fireplace," she said, " they said I could do it better than anyone else, but I don't know whether it was true or not." She at least had more of the comforts of life. Her two cheerful rooms were kept tidy by a Home Help provided by the L.C.C., and a grand-daughter brought her a hot meal once a day for 6/6 a week.

She even had a fire going, and when I asked her if she found it difficult to keep warm in such weather, she said she got up about noon and fixed a fire which she kept going until about 6 o'clock when she went to bed again. " It would be cheaper to stay in bed," she said, " but a body likes to get up just to make sure

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you can." Her only complaint was of loneliness, because she was in her late seventies and suffered from infirmities which made it impossible for her to go out. She said she missed her radio, which sat on a nearby table with a fresh doily underneath it, but she couldn't play it because she couldn't afford the licence.

26 E. 91st St., New York. **Helen Nelson**

Sir,—It is impossible not to feel sympathy for old people who are entirely dependent for sustenance on their old-age pensions, but I feel doubtful whether in the long run it is doing them a service to consider their circumstances in isolation. A labourer on the minimum wage who has a wife and three children to keep is just as badly off, and for much the same reason. Both are the victims of rising prices which, so far, have followed increased wages as the night the day. The real problem facing the Welfare State is how to evolve a spread-over of spending power which takes into consideration the seven ages of man. It is at last beginning to dawn on our economists that, in assessing living standards, the really significant factor is not so much the individual pay-packet, as the number of pay-packets to the household. The 1951 Census makes this abundantly clear.

Total number of Households: 14,481.5 (thousands)

With no children	8,228.1
,, 1 child	3,079.9
,, 2 children	1,997.8
,, 3 or 4 children	1,010.0
,, 5 or more children	165.7
,, no wage-earners	2,032.0
,, 1 wage-earner	6,784.5
,, 2 wage-earners	3,807.7
,, 3 or more wage-earners	1,857.3

If only organised labour would accept the principle of family allowances instead of pursuing the chimaera of a "family" wage, pensioners would not grow progressively poorer, and mothers with young children would not be faced with the necessity of going out to work. **Moyra King**

38 Warrender Park Road,
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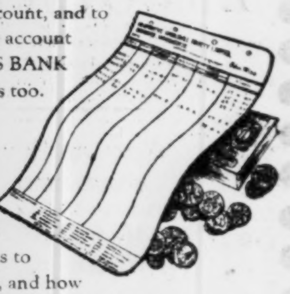

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MENTAL DEFICIENCY LAWS

Sir,—Mary Stewart performs a public service in demonstrating how the Mental Deficiency Laws are misused to secure the indefinite detention of problem girls who are certainly not mentally deficient.

It would be wrong, however, to conclude that misuse of this legislation is confined to a small number of cases of problem girls.

The *British Medical Journal* of January 2, 1954, gives particulars of a survey recently conducted of a 5 per cent. sample of patients in Mental Deficiency Institutes in the counties of London, Kent and Surrey. The survey found that 58 per cent. of the adult patients were high-grade (feeble-minded) patients. From tests given to these high-grade patients and from other results quoted in the article, it would appear that more than half of the adults classified as feeble-minded in Mental Deficiency Institutes have intelligence quotients above 70 points (i.e., above the point accepted by most authorities as the upper limit of mental deficiency).

Whilst many would hesitate to consider the intelligence quotient by itself as the final word in determining mental deficiency in every case, a figure as significant as that found by the survey cannot be explained away.

Moreover, of the total of female patients examined in the survey only 3.8 per cent. had ever been pregnant or had contracted a venereal disease.

Elizabeth A. Allen
General Secretary

National Council for Civil Liberties,
London, W.2.

UNIVERSITY CYNICISM

Sir,—I have read with interest R. A. Buchanan's letter on political cynicism in the university. I find it difficult to accept his sweeping condemnation of British university graduates in view of the high membership figures of our national student political organisations, an example being my own association, which is the largest democratic Socialist student body in the world. This does not seem to smack of apathy, but Mr. Buchanan may have a point if what he is getting at is a sense of frustration.

Such a feeling is, I think, manifest in student circles. Yet I am not inclined to view it as pessimistically as Mr. Buchanan. The remark: "This is the paradox and predicament of my generation" suggests that Mr. Buchanan is falling into a state of mind which is more dangerous to a healthy student world than is a sense of frustration. A sense of frustration, once recognised, can be overcome. I remember being present some months ago when Solly Sachs visited Hull. He was asked by an obvious pessimist, "But do you think anything can be done about South Africa?" He replied, in a tone of utter conviction, "Yes—if we work hard enough." This is the way out of a sense of frustration: to be prepared to work so hard that our difficulties are overcome.

However, Mr. Buchanan seems to think that we are suffering from some kind of disease which is primarily the result of a lack of "leadership in an appeal to first principles, in a direction to the root causes of modern problems, and in an application of the principles to the modern situation." This conveniently passes the buck—in Mr. Buchanan's case to the leaders of the Labour Party who "have failed to give us this guidance," to the leaders of the Communist Party, who have "the party-line strait-jacket *à la Daily Worker*," and to the leaders of the Churches, who "have frequently interpreted (Christian) qualities in a manner which is over-individualistic and reactionary." Such lack of leadership is not a new phenomenon: it is a constantly recurring one. What is more, it will continue to recur so long as our answer is to bemoan our fate and consider ourselves prisoners of a "paradox and predicament."

The solution lies not in this sort of defeatism, but in the determination exemplified by Solly Sachs. Work we must, and if our work is sensible and we expect not miracles but results commensurate with our opportunities, then frustration will not be a part of our lives. I am certain Mr. Buchanan can find satisfaction of this kind—if he cares to go through the policies of our association; for example, he will find ample evidence of causes fought for and won.

Furthermore, though most of the criticism levelled at the political and religious leaders of our day is valid, this does not excuse us from the duty of preparing ourselves for the task of leadership to-morrow. Such a duty particularly applies to undergraduates, who have been given opportunities not available to their contemporaries and (to a large extent) are excused from the problems of making a living for a considerable period of time. If leadership today is inept, then it is even more urgent for us to realistically prepare ourselves for the morrow, in order that failure shall not also be our "contribution" to history. If there is "political ennui" as a characteristic of our generation, it is a sign of something lacking within ourselves (probably determination or common-or-garden guts), and not just something "we have caught from our elders."

Longing for the emotionally charged days of the 1930 Socialist adventurers in the universities (how many of *them* have now turned to crabbed cynicism?) is a cowardly way of facing the problems of our time, and our duty to tomorrow. To Mr. Buchanan and all the bemoaners of undergraduate apathy I would say: take off your jackets and plunge into the political pond; you can swim if you kick hard enough and long enough, and to stand on the edge hurling cynical or despairing epithets at the swimmers is neither courageous nor useful—in the light of history it may even seem rather silly. **Fred S. Moorhouse**
Chairman,

National Association of Labour Student
Organizations.
University College, Hull.

DR. GRAHAM

Sir,—Is it not curious that no one, so far as I am aware, has raised with any vigour the matter of Dr. Graham's incredible theology throughout the course of his long campaign? Dr. Graham himself makes no bones about it. It is all set down with the utmost directness in his book *Peace With God*. This charming and sincere young evangelist rejects evolution out of hand; he accounts for all conflict and imperfection in nature as the machinations of a personal Devil (Dr. Graham's capital D); and accepts the Garden of Eden story as a *precise* description of events. "The first man," he writes, "was no cave dweller . . . Adam was perfect . . . Adam was created full-grown with every mental and physical faculty developed. He walked with God and had fellowship with Him" and so forth. No more primitive fundamentalism has ever been written down. Dr. Graham no doubt believes all this sincerely. What I would like to know is whether the 2,000 clergymen of the Church of England who are said to have co-operated with Dr. Graham, believe it also.

This is by no means an academic point as Dr. Graham's teaching and outlook arise directly from his fundamentalist beliefs, which are, in fact, more Hebraic than Christian. The desire to be kind to a young man doing his best to save mankind from itself is no excuse for condoning by silence a point of view that is today intellectually untenable.

James Hemming

MORAL REARMAMENT

Sir,—"For centuries," says Albert Schweitzer, "Christianity treasured the great commandment of love and mercy as traditional truth without recognising it as a reason for opposing slavery, witch-burning, torture and all the other ancient and medieval forms of inhumanity. It was only when it experienced the influence of the thinking of the Age of Enlightenment (*Aufklärung*) that it was stirred into entering the struggle for humanity. The remembrance of this ought to preserve it for ever from assuming any air of superiority in comparison with thought." (*Autobiography*, p. 275.) The followers of Doctors Buchman and Graham are full of—not to say flatulent with—spiritual uplift; but their guidance, which professes to be God-given, is quite brainless. Does Moral Rearmament include or exclude Nuclear Rearmament? Is the present distribution of wealth throughout the world just or unjust? On these and a score of other pressing questions of morality the oracle is not merely silent but stone-deaf. The attitude of the morally rearmed seems to be that of the Yankee millionaire tycoon: "Christian principles and sound American business methods have put us where we are."

HAROLD BINNS

MALAYA

SIR,—Your valuable survey entitled "Malaya: Britain's Problem Colony" throws a spotlight on the tragedy of that country's post-war history. I was one of those who landed with the British forces in September, 1945, immediately after the capitulation of the Japanese. At that time we were greeted like heroes by the Malayan people. Hope in the future was everywhere apparent, and we were to all intents and purposes partners in the creation of a new era. Japanese occupation had been a bitter experience, but it had welded Malaya's races in the common struggle for survival and they were ready to take a big step forward.

Instead they were subjected for long weary months to the frustrating experience of a British military government, while the former administrators, plus the planters and tin owners (determined to make up for lost profits), returned to their happy hunting ground, completely indifferent to the aspirations of those who had stayed, fought—and survived—the Japanese terror.

I well remember the first 24-hour strike which took place in Kuala Lumpur around the end of 1945. Its most remarkable feature was its completeness, from shopkeeper to "trishaw wallah" and the waiter in the Army canteen. So close at that time was the feeling between the soldier and the Malayan that it was thought necessary to exhibit notices in Army camps stating that in the opinion of Authority the strike was political, and therefore one with which the British soldier could not sympathise.

Had we been prepared at that time to put forward a new constitution for Malaya, granting some real measure of self-determination in consultation with those who had led the struggle against the Japanese and recognising the trade unions, the subsequent history of Malaya would have been so very much different.

Instead, the hands of the clock were put back. Malaya and Singapore were to be separate entities; those old props of reaction—the Sultans—were given new encouragement and support; the militant trade unions were suppressed and arrests of leaders culminated in bloody struggle.

A. E. NOBBS

SCIENCE AND THE CAMBRIDGE PLATONISTS

SIR,—Dr. Cassirer's learned work, reviewed in your columns by Miss Rose Macaulay, is chiefly interesting as a Continental acknowledgment of the greatness of a group of English thinkers which has long been known in their native country and university. But when it is stated that their contribution to science and philosophy is "perhaps not really worth while examining," the error of such a judgment demands protest.

Not only was Joseph Mead, the great tutor of Christ's College in Milton's time and the forerunner of the group, a profound student of the sciences, but John Worthington, who commended John Ray to Milton's friend Hartlib, Henry More in the second volume of his *Antidote* and Ralph Cudworth in his very important *Intellectual System* were not only the chief critics of Descartes' mechanistic dualism, but the teachers and inspirers of John Ray's epoch-making studies of the problem of form and function in organic life which opened up a new and vitally important field of biological thought and research. Cudworth supplied the background for Ray's *Wisdom of God in the Works of Creation*; this book gave the plan and much of the contents for Paley's *Natural Theology*; and this in turn was, on his own confession, the chief inspiration of Darwin's interest in nature and researches into the *Origin of Species*.

CHARLES E. RAVEN

Madingley Hall, Cambridge.

THE ALEXANDER TECHNIQUE

SIR,—I wish to thank you for the excellent appreciation of my technique in your review of Miss Louise Morgan's book, *Inside Yourself*, and I will be grateful if you will submit the following facts which may interest your readers.

Miss Morgan's idea in writing the book was to make my technique more widely known and to advise people to read my books. I can assure you that the inquiries I have received from readers of her book here and abroad serve to show that already she has achieved a considerable measure of success. We know quite a number of people who purchased my four books after reading *Inside Yourself*.

F. MATTHIAS ALEXANDER

16 Ashley Place, S.W.1.

SIR,—Allow me to protest against the arrogance, if not the injustice, of your reviewer's notice of my book *Inside Yourself*. Why blacken a plain, honest book for being something which it makes no pretensions to be? All books are not written for the special edification of the superior persons who write for THE NEW STATESMAN. There is a place for a book consciously aimed to direct and help the lesser orders of human beings. They should be allowed to occupy it without being stoned.

LOUISE MORGAN

GRADUATE WIVES

SIR,—Much of the fuss made by housewives who were once thought of as intellectuals arises from the fact that their hearts are not wholly in either the home or in the subject matter which they originally studied. While washing the nappies they long for the satisfactions gained from a career or research, yet when actually pursuing these they are afflicted with concern or guilt over the welfare of those in their home.

The wives who by some method or another have eased themselves of this conflict do not fuss. I wish they would contribute to this correspondence, as it would be enlightening and constructive to hear from them.

PENELOPE BALOGH

21 Northmoor Road, Oxford.

OBSCENE LITERATURE

SIR,—Drawing, perhaps from my first name, the entirely mistaken inference that I am a female, many traders in ladies' undergarments, who are of the highest repute, bombard me with illustrated catalogues of their wares and of the wearers.

I have no doubt that by the standards of my youth all these would have been held to be indecent. I think that even now if somebody offered to sell me reproductions in the form of post-cards he might get into trouble.

The legal definition of obscenity is marred by the assumption that there are two classes of human beings, one incapable of being corrupted and the other susceptible, but when a dirty book is peddled about there is not truly any point in likening that enterprise to the work of Rabelais, Boccaccio, Shakespeare or even Guy de Maupassant. Juries, although it may be very wrong of them, look at the pornographer as well as his pornography.

CONSTANTINE GALLOP

3 Cowley Street, S.W.1.

"PIONIES"

SIR,—A more interesting explanation of "pioned and twilled brims" than that quoted by your reviewer was given by H. J. Massingham in *An English Man's Year*.

"A Stratford child asked my correspondent whether she could go and pick 'pionies' in the water-meadows. Pionies? Her acute teacher elicited that pionies were the wild orchises bordering and embroidering the banks of the Avon. . . . This magical child, the repository of a lost culture, was equally forthcoming with 'twilled brims.' Twilling is, or rather was, the plaiting of osiers that once fenced the banks round these meadows to protect them from being eroded away when the river flooded. Thus the 'chaste crowns' were garlands of osier sprays wreathed with orchises."

RALPH LE FLEMING

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Books in General

AFRICAN travel, as far as I can recall, has hardly ever produced a literature of "escape," that perjorative for delight in the arts, manners and cultural achievements of civilisation. The great African narratives have been those describing the spiritual and physical sufferings of explorers and missionaries like Mungo Park, Caillié, Livingstone, the Moffats. If we exclude the deep band of Moslem Africa across the north and north-east of the continent, there are no civilisations to mourn and no monuments to see. There is grandiose scenery, jungle, mountains, savannah; there are superb wild animals, there are terrifying insects, there are horrible diseases and there is primitive man. Man is overwhelming from the bones of Broken Hill onward in history. He frightens in the nightmare and drollery of primitive carving; and, as we know, he is vile. That art, of course, is an achievement, but some writers consider that the dense, elusive forest population of Africa represents a final decline from some earlier, more gifted civilisation, and is an indication of how fatally human beings can degenerate in a hostile environment. Only the sorcerers—I quote from Marcel le Roy's *Land of the Niamoo*—retain the ancient skills; chiefly skill in the use of poisons. "Apart from this science . . . no other trace of local industry (among the forest people) survives."

Whether this opinion is correct or not I do not know. (M. le Roy is a Frenchman with long and sympathetic experience of the Ivory Coast.) But it is the fact that man and nature, often in their most primitive relationship, either in the mysteries of African religion, in the brutalities of exploitation, or the fanaticism of racial conflict, is the African theme. If we cannot face this elementary animal, Africa is not for us; the theme arouses emotion as it also repels, for most of us have grown up in civilisations where the naked issues had long been settled. Have we got to go through it all again? A moment's thought, a mere glance at the world outside Western civilisation, indicates that man himself, in all his hunger for power and a new life, has become more important to the world than all its civilisations, and that everywhere we are reverting to the primitive dramas. The post-war boom in Africa—which a large literature of travel, not to mention numerous descriptive novels, has fixed in our minds—has heightened the stress on the barbarous human theme; and all these books have the monotonous tom-tom note of news and discovery.

Here are six books by different travellers in the continent. One or two overlap and, where they do, they disagree. The Negro is a child; he is not a child. Polygamy increases the population. Polygamy decreases the population. Secret societies are evil and superstitious. Secret societies have the moral and educational value of universities or religious orders. Female circumcision preserves chastity and the ties of marriage; it is a wicked device for heightening sexual pleasure. White Christianity is the only hope. Black Christianity will replace White Christianity. And so on. The ignorant and bewildered armchair traveller is grateful after all this for a touch of vulgar comedy. It is rumoured that the ageing officials of the Congo uranium plants are drinking atomic water as a cure for sexual quietism. In Bulawayo hotels you are turned out of the dining-room if you do not dress for dinner. One soon finds the diet of information too thick and confusing, and I have to confess that I think the ablest *writer* of this collection is the rather vulgar, bad-tempered Mr. Cyril Kantor, who drove up the continent in a Citroen and who is really only interested in cars, bars and people. He is a quick and shrewd comedian from Johannesburg, on brisk terms with his wife and the world, on doubtful terms with his car, and from his tersely written book one gets a seedy picture of the shabby, everyday Africa of the unluckily chosen hotels. It is the Africa one would (in one's low way) remember. Comic as distinct from facetious travel is uncommon. Mr. Kantor's acquaintances are always surprising. There was T.P. (Temple Perkins), who had been up all night chasing elephants out of his garden.

> T.P. winced as he swallowed the hot coffee. "I've been painting my house and it's given me a sore throat," he said.

What, the author asked, would the unarmed party do if an elephant or buffalo attacked? "We should be all right—with a bit of luck," T.P. said. A little comic relief is welcome after the tons of serious information the other books heap upon one's head.

The white man's Africa is dealt with in an Italian book, Felice Bellotti's *Fabulous Congo* and in Henry Gibbs's *Africa on a Tightrope*. The former suffers from a bad translation. Every cliché of the travelogue has been worked in. Savannahs "burn," sands are "shifting," snowdrifts are "perilous," and the country is "fraught with mystery." The stress on the mysteriousness of Africa, a Swedish anthropologist will tell us later on, is generally overdone by Europeans. But Mr. Bellotti is an intelligent and opinionated traveller. He hates the Société Générale which runs the Congo. He thinks it is out of date and greedy and is restricting white immigration because it fears the political advancement of the country. He is very sardonic about the uranium industry. He is conventional about the African: "indolent, superstitious, ignorant." All these books bring out the fact that the white population is not homogeneous but is a minority version of the American melting-pot. The coloured races may be the "problem" of Africa, but in the meantime a new kind of white race with a good deal of energy is being created. Mr. Henry Gibbs writes mainly to refute the anti-white arguments put forward by a West Indian writer, George Padmore, in *Africa: Britain's Third Empire*. He gives an up-to-the-minute judgment on the political state of the Union, Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Kenya and so on, and dresses down the reactionary elements among the colonists. His portrait of Kenyatta is very interesting. He increases the impression, though he does not desire to do so, that a long period of Colonial disturbance lies ahead.

Kenyatta is the African who has emerged; what has he emerged from? One can consult the remaining books on Negro religion, magic and customs in Guinea, the Ivory Coast, Liberia, Sierra Leone and Angola—not, of course, Kenyatta's Africa—and consider the comments of the Swedish anthropologist, Professor Bolinder, in *Devil Man's Jungle*. The Negro civilisations are static and their religion therefore runs to mysticism. The spirits of the dead complain of the living who disturb them by "a fit of works." Like the two French writers, Marcel Le Roy and P-D. Gaisseau, the Swedish professor has very interesting things to say about the secret societies—the Toma and the Poro. The Poro is a male society—its secrets must be kept from the women—for training young boys after puberty; it brings the freedom of childhood to an end and brings the young individual to his allotted place and destiny in a communal society. He will, after his ordeals, cease to be an individual. Poro is a conservative, protective and educational force "by no means as dark and awful as rumour often paints [it] among Europeans." The "darkness" of "darkest Africa" is frequently that of white ignorance.

> In the Negroes' conception [Poro] is an inexhaustible spring, a constant outpouring of magic.
>
> These magical forces have to be conserved and fostered so that they may continually protect people against demons and all supernatural perils. For that reason the members must also be continually on the watch and follow the instructions of the society. . . . Where magic is concerned, the purely formal is always of importance; thus the least departure from ritual is a serious crime against solidarity. If anyone betrayed the least of Poro's secrets that could detract from the effect of spells and rites.

Professor Bolinder writes well for the general reader. The darkness lifts. With M. Gaisseau we reach the next and fatal stage: the point at which a European induces one of the tribes to betray its secrets. His bribe was irresistible: he wanted to make a film of the secret performances of the fetishers. Their appetite excited by the showing of films, the chiefs doubtfully gave in, though the author had to submit to being tattooed and to become nominally a member of the tribe. This ordeal lacked the glamour it used to be given in the heartier, schoolboy version of earlier writers. It was beastly. In spite of being written in that most maddening narrative manner, the historic present, this book is excellent in its detail. The end is melancholy. The men who had betrayed the secrets of their tribe suddenly realised they had lost their heritage and their moral ground. Their tribe commanded them to come back, and because life outside the tribe was inconceivable to them, they had to return. Possibly to be killed. That possibility did not remove from their mind their sense of hopeless guilt. For them it was morally impossible to escape. The cheerful Europeans

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Lunch with Livingstone. By CYRIL KANTOR. *Michael Joseph*. 15*s*.
Fabulous Congo. By FELICE BELLOTTI. *Dakers*. 30*s*.
Africa on a Tightrope. By HENRY GIBBS. *Jarrolds*. 16*s*.
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The Sacred Forest. By P-D. GAISSEAU. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 18*s*.
Devil Man's Jungle. By GUSTAF BOLINDER. *Dobson* 15*s*.

went off with their success, worried only about the damp getting into their films. It is really a horrible story.

And that is the impression that one is left with after all the forests, mountains, animals, tribal dances and witch doctors have been washed out of a mind that cannot take it all in: an impression of glare, chaos, success, an awakening continent on the one hand; and of guilt, rancour, loss and terror on the other. From one or two new African writers, like the author of *The Palm Wine Drinkard,* we have learned directly of the nightmares of the African imagination. To our mild and docile civilisation, Africa now turns the face of primitive drama and violent change.

V. S. Pritchett

RECOVERY

The whole place was a wilderness :
The hedge, copse-high, had stood for thirty years,
It never saw a hook or shears,
And everywhere the rabbits burrowed
Under knotted scrub and tangled briars ;
We might have christened it Man's Estate Unmade,
And extolled it for its jungleness ;
We might have lived behind its hedge unknown, unseen,
But we were social minded then.

Look you, we'd taken it over, house and garden,
We didn't have to turn a hand we had no mind to—
And yet it simply wouldn't do
To let it go in further rack and ruin !
Besides, what were gardens for, if not production,
Including presumably flowers, from roses to sweet william ?
We wished to set an example, show our badge and station ;
And just to prove we were not proud or shy of peepers
We'd cut the hedge and share our reconverting with the neighbours.

So out we went with bill-hook, scythe and shears,
And hewed and hacked the green neglect of years.
We freed the saplings, burnt the briars,
Then cut the saplings nearly to their stump—
As we'd been told—to grow a bushy clump.
Then east and west and north and south
We earthed wire mesh to wire the coneys out.
Hard frosts of winter slowed us, fumbling tool in hand,
And the may was white and fading before we turned a foot of land.

Each day brought some mishap, fresh scar and scathe,
But all the wounds we got from thorn and blade—
And some were poisoned—subtracted nothing from our zest ;
Besides, after all the sweat and tears our toil was blest—
Or so you'd say ! The garden grows its spinach now ;
The apple blooms and bears. There's even a rose or two,
And the hedge is trim and low. The rabbits don't break through.
Couples strolling down our lane at evening
Smile at the great recovery, all we've done and are doing.

The seasons labour and turn, and we with them.
We often wish the hedge copse-high again,
And swear we'd lift no tool of ours to bring it down
But let it spread and let it roam
More impenetrably, if that were possible, than before.
We shake our heads, spraying potatoes or forking manure,
And wish we'd had the better sense
To live as lone as hermits of the moon,
Not tending any rites but those of rock and stone.

Ewart Milne

VALÉRY THE ARTIST

The Art of Paul Valéry. By Francis Scarfe. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

The impish and diffident Valéry, having published in five years the verse on which his main reputation rests, survived for over thirty years more to delight contemporaries with his prose and conversation. Both the poetry and the enormous output of free-lance commentary which followed it were the triumph of a personality more than of a literary doctrine, since no one else has gone Valéry's way, nor seemed likely to from the beginning. During most of the First World War he had been writing and re-writing the five hundred lines of *La Jeune Parque,* published modestly as an " exercise " in the year of Mr. Eliot's *Prufrock.* His last book of verse, *Charmes,* equally without contemporary reference, appeared in the same year as *The Waste Land* and *Ulysses* and in the thick of the Parisian literary convulsion which was about to produce surrealism. At this singular moment Valéry wrote his own allegory of poetic creation, which depicts the Oracle in *conscious* labour with what proves to be a hymn to Language.

Since then French poetry has digested what was digestible in surrealism without moving nearer to Valéry's position. It has become more and more openly concerned with existential and religious themes, in treating which the formal and musical elements he perfected are ignored. Not Valéry and Mallarmé, but Hugo, Rimbaud and Claudel have been the models, whether one likes this or not. Mr. Scarfe is too ready to dismiss contemporary French poetry as the product of " an era of æsthetic anarchy," after which he believes that poets will return to the lessons which Valéry's work embodies. This can be no more than a guess which the present probabilities certainly do not support. It excludes any serious comparison between Valéry and his immediate successors, though the reader, having been told that Valéry does not represent an outworn tradition, would welcome one. A parallel is indeed traced between the " evolution " of Valéry's technique and Mr. Eliot's, but it is not developed and hardly could be, given the radical differences between the two poets. If Mr. Scarfe had been content to recognise Valéry's verse as the magnificent culmination of nineteenth-century Symbolism (which is praise enough) rather than to claim that since 1920 the other poets have been out of step, he would have set his subject in clearer perspective.

This criticism made, this is easily the best book on Valéry that has appeared in English. It should even take its place beside the chief French studies, with whose authors Mr. Scarfe is often debating on fully equal terms. Its approach is through the poet's technique, interpreted widely enough to include Valéry's conception of " a poetic language separated from ordinary language " which " every literature which has passed a certain age tends to create." A poem becomes " a paradise of language " in which, it would follow, the essence and relationship of words are transformed and in which music, a " pure " art, plays a leading part. This legacy, and in fact fallacy, of Symbolism—since, as Mr. Scarfe concedes, poetry cannot reproduce the tonal effects of music and must be content with approximations—is fundamental to Valéry's difficult art. His intricately organised sound-patterns shape the concept and the image. Although he seldom reminds one of Swinburne and rarely subordinates sense to sound while always concentrating on the latter, yet there is sometimes an overload. One certainly occurs in the singing invocation to the islands in *La Jeune Parque :*

> Iles ! . . . Ruches bientôt, quand la flamme première
> Fera que votre roche, Iles que je prédis,
> Ressente en rougissant de puissants paradis ;
> Cimes qu'un feu féconde à peine intimidées,
> Bois qui bourdonnerez de bêtes et d'idées,
> D'hymnes d'hommes comblés des dons du juste éther.

On the last line Mr. Scarfe comments :

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JONATHAN CAPE

Hymnes d'hommes is not only perfect sense, perfectly congruous with the meaning of the entire passage, but it has its mental equivalent in the very sound of bells, the "ding dong" already implicit in the *bourdon* (the "gros bourdon" of the bells of Notre Dame, for instance) in the previous verb. In the same line *comblés* and *dons* appear as echoes of what has just gone before.

To another ear the chiming sound of this line is unbearably ostentatious after the veiled hum of the masterly preceding line. Aural reactions may be largely subjective, but the use of bells in a serious composition is nearly always to be deplored. A comparable excess in instrumental music would be damned out of hand. Perhaps Valéry's greatest achievement was to provoke such objections so rarely.

Mr. Scarfe finds the key to Valéry's technique, and so to his psychological approach, in the "dramatic monologue," which supposes "a dramatic relationship within the character, between himself and himself." It is expressed in self-addressed exclamations, questions, answers and commands leading up to a final decision. It is related to the "inner monologue" of Joyce and Virginia Woolf, a device which has been over-acclaimed and might by now be ranged quietly among the writer's other familiar gadgets. But it becomes "dramatic" when a question of choice is debated by different facets of the same personality, as in Rimbaud's *Saison en Enfer*, Laforgue and again some of the *Prufrock* poems. Mr. Scarfe uses this useful discovery both to demonstrate the internal structure of Valéry's great poems and to point to a general evolution in his writings through the Dialogues and the *libretti* to *Mon Faust*, an actual play. But he rides his thesis over-hard and does not always compel agreement. If one condemns the conception of character represented by "How many children had Lady Macbeth?", what of the problems lurking in Mr. Scarfe's interesting but too concrete analysis of *La Jeune Parque*? He speaks of "scenic effects," "modulation of tone," "gesture," of "the performer" and even "the actress." We are within sight of the moment when a real actress would have to ask, as a strictly practical question: "How many selves had the Young Fate?"—and the producer would have to brush up his Maeterlinck for an answer.

But if the literary analyst is too ready to write *drama* when he only means conflict and variety of tone, in this case the theory sheds some direct and much incidental light on those complex creatures which Valéry conceived for the most part in those intermediate morning moments between sleeping and waking, when the conscious intellect was reassuming possession of the relaxed body fresh from its contact with dream-beasts and hermaphrodites. Mr. Scarfe shows this Valéry too. The fact that he has worked out a theory too precisely at certain points should not obscure the interest and subtlety of his book as a whole.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

HISTORICAL WISDOM

The Historian's Craft. By MARC BLOCH. *Manchester University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Though historians often write long books, they are usually inarticulate about themselves. They find it hard to explain what they are trying to do. They are embarrassed when they have to talk of the significance of their work, and cannot formulate a clear picture. They leave it to others to write "philosophies of history" and are puzzled what these are about. The great historian Seignobos described "what is the use of history?" as "an idle question," and most historians would agree with him. Marc Bloch, too, would probably never have tried to answer the question, if it had not been for the last war. Cut off from his books, absorbed in the Resistance, he reflected on the meaning of his profession and its tasks. He was killed by the Germans in 1944; and his little book, unfinished and unpolished, remains as the testament of one who was a great historian as well as a great man. We should find it moving and impressive even if we knew nothing of his life. But it is doubly moving when we remember the cause of human integrity for which he died. This is a better tract against German rearmament than all the arguments of the politicians. These men killed Marc Bloch. A civilisation which needs them for its defence had better perish.

What is the use of history? Marc Bloch did not find this an idle question. History conditioned his life and gave it meaning. He believed that it could give meaning to others. The use of history, he replied, is to deepen our understanding. Of course history also gives us entertainment and satisfies our curiosity—good enough reasons in themselves. But the right sort of history tells us things about human behaviour which we did not know before. Marc Bloch spent his life preaching a particular sort of history; and the reader will not appreciate this book fully unless he knows something of the long campaign which Bloch and Lucien Febvre waged against the narrow "historising history"—history for its own sake—which dominated French academic life. They challenged the worship of "the fact" and the belief that the historical record was a fixed object which the historian had merely to observe. Past events, they argued, did not determine the work of the historian; rather his judgment brought out the events which were important. All study of the past involves selection. And it is the historian who does the selecting; events do not select themselves. The historian selects what seems to him significant. What determines this significance? Marc Bloch answered: "men in society." He was a social historian, fighting against the political exclusiveness of the time. It was, and is, common form to write, say, the history of religion in the reign of Louis XV. Marc Bloch pointed out that it would be equally sensible to write "Diplomatic history from Newton to Einstein." There are those who regard social history as merely "history with the politics left out." Bloch taught that it was rather history with everything put in—a hard doctrine, but the only one worth applying.

Only the first chapter deals with this theoretical approach. Most of the book is given over to explaining how the historian works and what it is he tries to do. This is one of the most difficult things to make clear to the outside observer. The historian's problems are supposed to be over when he discovers the written record. Really they are only beginning. Who wrote the document? What did he write it for? What sort of a document is it, and what sort of a man wrote it? The questions are endless. The good historian asks them automatically. And setting them out in order is rather like a gardener with green fingers trying to explain why the seeds he sows always come up. Bloch had green fingers, as his own works on medieval history show; and the miracle still escapes us even when he tries to reveal the secret. There could be no better introduction than this book to work on history. But in the last resort the best introduction is work itself; and it cannot be conveyed by any manual. Bloch did more than preach a doctrine. He set an example; and the fragments of it which he left here rank among the noblest inspirations which a historian could give.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

THE WORLD'S FRUITFULNESS AND OURS

The Limits of the Earth. By FAIRFIELD OSBORN. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Soil. By G. V. JACKS. *Nelson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

If there are people who look at a map coloured to show the density of population in different areas and conclude from it that overcrowding and underfeeding can be cured by moving the inhabitants of crowded regions into the empty spaces, *The Limits of the Earth* will be a useful corrective. It will also disillusion those who think that food shortages in the East could be dealt with by shipping American surpluses there. But, to more thoughtful people, it will not be of much value.

The book starts with some dubious generalisations about world history and then settles down to discuss the character of the agriculture in different regions now. From this the conclusions are drawn: that most regions are not producing enough to satisfy the local demand; that it is not easy to get people to change their habits; and that the future seems unsettled. The first conclusion is certainly valid, but it could have been more clearly demonstrated from a few tables. Most readers are likely to be so depressed by the verbose irrelevancies of the text that they will not notice the depressing conclusions.

From this it is a pleasure to turn to Dr. Jacks's brisk and lucid account of the agencies that turn clay and rock fragments into soil, and of the precautions that have to be taken to keep farming from reversing the process. This is straightforward scientific popularisation; he goes on to develop some social and political themes. Those with a mystique about organic manures—the "Muck and Magic" school of farming—are dealt with firmly, for intensive production has been maintained for many years on chemical fertilisers. Dr. Jacks points out that to get high yields by other methods means robbing one piece of ground to feed another and thus is no benefit to the country as a whole. Dung and composts are nearly foolproof fertilisers, but brains and chemicals are just as effective.

The history of British agriculture refutes Fairfield Osborn's gloomy thesis. Feudal methods got the yields that peasant farming now gets over most of the world, but modern agriculture—capitalist agriculture, as Dr. Jacks prefers to call it—gets four times as much. Dr. Jacks trails his coat politically by emphasising that this only happens when an individual sees his way clear to make a profit. It is our job to see that the same thing is done on a world-wide scale either by individuals making a profit, so long as it is a long-term profit, or by governments that know what

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they are about. European farming methods have often proved disastrous when applied to other soils in other climates but *a priori* it is no more likely that the peasant in the tropics is now farming optimally than that the British serf was. The experimental method has not yet been applied in most of the world.

The problem that Dr. Osborn tackles is real even if he does not formulate it very well, and it is largely made by the uneven application of science. First the engineer, by allowing us to follow the æsthetic impulse to live in clean surroundings and drink clean water, prevented many diseases, and then the doctor prevented or cured more. In consequence more children become adult, and adults live longer. Until the birth-rate adjusts itself to the changed circumstances there is an increase in numbers and, quite apart from ethical considerations, it is unrealistic to think that these changes can be prevented. It is the job of the farmer and biochemist to find solutions. When the latter produces an adequate contraceptive the problem will probably solve itself; if pregnancies were invariably intentional the birth-rate in all countries would probably fall. But that is both a matter of opinion and a long-term solution. We need more food now, and to get it we need more research and so more scientists.

The direction of science is as important as its quantity. Too large a proportion is at present concerned with dangerous frivolities like nuclear fission and electronics, and with medicine. Good motives unquestionably inspire medical research but, in thinking of the ratios in which scientists are needed, it is important to remember that the use of a few ounces of an antibiotic will involve someone in finding 20 or more tons of food if the recipient of the antibiotic is to be fed during a normal life.

In the last two chapters of *The Limits of the Earth* some of the more widely publicised projects for getting more food are considered. Emphasis is rightly placed on fisheries, and particularly on the unexploited resources of the Bering Sea. This fishing-ground should be useful to the Japanese if more of their normal fishing grounds are made radioactive by H-bomb tests. There is no mention in this section of the important part that the control of plant diseases and pests will play in increasing food production. When land is not used and crops are not sown at least effort has been spared. But disease may kill off a crop, or heavily diminish yield, after all the work except harvesting has been done. Another defect is the assumption made throughout the book that crops can only be used in the traditional way. In Britain this means their use predominantly as cattle food. The conversion of vegetable into animal products has indubitable gustatory advantages, but it is equally indubitable that it is wasteful. Some waste could be avoided if proteins, fats and carbohydrates were separated from the inedible mixture that makes up most crops; this is one aspect of biochemical engineering, and developments along these lines are proceeding in various countries though on an inadequate scale.

The dietary prospects opened up by non-traditional approaches to food may not sound very appetising, but the neo-Malthusian chorus is right in saying that the world as a whole cannot eat the traditional British diet. Most of it does not wish to, and as political consciousness increases so does doubt about the necessity for sending us the foodstuffs needed to maintain our old standards. If we would adopt in Britain a diet similar to that of the Chinese, though made from different ingredients, we could have an independent foreign policy. It might be worth it.

N. W. PIRIE

Six books by Arnold Bennett have been published as Penguins: *The Grand Babylon Hotel*, *Anna of the Five Towns* and *Riceyman Steps* at 2*s*. each: and at 3*s*. 6*d*. each, *The Old Wives' Tale*, *Clayhanger* and *The Journals*, selected and edited by Frank Swinnerton. The Penguin volume of Browning's *Selected Poems* has been reissued (2*s*. 6*d*.)

NEW NOVELS

The Love Eaters. By MARY LEES SETTLE. *Heinemann.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Under the Net. By IRIS MURDOCH. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Primitives. By S. B. HOUGH. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Whatever else she may have achieved in *The Love Eaters*, Miss Settle has certainly set up a record. She has written this year's sharpest novel. As one who prefers grapefruit to the cereals on the fictional breakfast menu, I find her wholesome acids bracing.

We are in the Alleghanies, at a small town called Canona. It boasts a well-known amateur theatre company, and the country club's just five minutes away by station wagon. It's good coal country, too, but we shan't see much of that, for Miss Settle already has the elements of a powerful domestic situation set up for us. Jim Dodd, Canona's sassiest citizen, is about to meet the son by a first marriage whom he hasn't seen in 20 years, and the Canona Thespians have turned out to welcome their new professional producer, Hamilton Sacks. Jim and the rest of Canona are delighted with Selby, the Thespians less so with Hamilton. They are nonplussed (and exhilarated) to discover that their producer is a lethal wise-cracking cripple with dubious sexual loyalties and a genius for putting everyone at ill-ease. A Tiresias with a whiplash tongue—or, as Canona puts it, a pantie-waist sonofabitch.

Selby is Canona's golden boy, its love-eater, its incubus, "This year's American male version of the Belle Dame Sans Merci"; Hamilton is the Grand Master of the old covens. Between them they manage to turn the country club and its inmates into an emotional witches' sabbath. But Canona's coal seam carries the fires of Salem in its belly, and at least one of the witches gets burnt. (Did Miss Settle intend this grim bit of Hawthorneish symbolism?) After which the broken hearts are swept up and life goes on much the same as usual.

The main fault of *The Love Eaters* lies, I think, in certain defects of construction, especially towards the end of the book. Half-way through Miss Settle suddenly concentrates Selby's power to shatter on to one particular victim. Because of this what begins as a potential holocaust ends in a whimper. But this is my only criticism. The wit, the horror, the authenticity of this novel blazes like a fierce neon strip. An English critic has compared Miss Settle's methods with those of Miss Mary McCarthy, but this is surely wide of the mark. Miss McCarthy treats human beings largely as the embodiment of their poses. She would not have avenged herself on Canona so sparingly. If we are looking for Miss Settle's literary antecedents, we shall find them in Fitzgerald out of John O'Hara. The cruel adolescents in their war-paint, making the seasonal invasion westwards from Yale and Vassar, are the golden youth of *This Side of Paradise*, viewed unromantically and with malice. The book's Country Club céntrepiece is worthy of *Appointment in Samarra.* I cannot give it higher praise.

Miss Murdoch is a notable accession to the ranks of young dons who write picaresque novels: her book follows hard on Mr. Wain's *Hurry On Down* and Mr. Amis's *Lucky Jim*. Alas, it hasn't the genuine high spirits of the first, nor the compelling sleaziness of the second. It has abundant wit, it is carefully written, it makes its ironic points lengthily but with neatness, it has a great deal, almost too much, conscious zest. Yet with all her gifts, Miss Murdoch's book remains a bluestocking fantasy, a brilliant but long-winded piece of café writing. Why is this?

I think the main reason lies in her narrator-hero, Jake Donaghue. Jake is one of those short, slightly-built, soft-spoken Irish intellectuals of a certain age, who live off their wits in the metropolis after majoring under Miss Honor Tracy's cold eye in the Pearl Bar. But whereas Jake should have some redeeming streak of hardness,

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LONGMANS

in Miss Murdoch's loving hands he is no more than a wraith of whimsy. His creator piles on the fantasy—a pub chase through the city, night bathing in the Thames, a Hollywood Alsatian, a sub-Wittgenstein who makes films—and boxes the L.P.T.B. compass in a series of hairsbreadth escapes and hurried journeys. Yet somehow the pace never increases. We are bogged down in Miss Murdoch's love of verbal elaboration and in what she herself, in her excellent study of Sartre, has described as "philosophical self-consciousness." There is plenty of that in *Under the Net*, and it is when she is at her most philosophical that Miss Murdoch is most entertaining.

In her Sartre essay she told us that the novel was a typical product of the post-Hegelian era, that is to say, that the novel is concerned with the phenomenology of men and women. I am not equipped to dispute this formidable statement, but I cannot help feeling that in this book Miss Murdoch's amused and loving contempt for phenomena has led her brilliantly astray. The idea that the novel is a mixture of cerebration, action and dialogue rather than a reflection of and *about* life is the don's perennial fallacy. Like most professional intellectuals with a list towards life, she believes that you can have all this—the bookies and the pub crawls and the high jinks on the Pont Neuf—and Hegel and Heidegger too.

Mr. S. B. Hough is the only writer of Household—Ambler calibre who has emerged since the war. In *Moment of Decision* and *Mission to Guemo*, he proved himself a master of the intellectual thriller, a master of a highly original type. *The Primitives* is his first attempt to write a plain orthodox novel, and it doesn't entirely succeed, largely because Mr. Hough spends far too much time building up his hero's predicament. But it has a keen sense of tragedy and it contains some of the best pages he has written. If the dividing line between tragedy and melodrama is occasionally blurred, this is an occupational risk that any good writer of thrillers must take when he graduates to the novel proper.

Mr. Hough has succeeded best with his background—that of a depressed, lower-middle-class household in a nondescript provincial town. Much of the story is put into the mouth of the Town itself. The drab taboos, the blind external judgments, flow from the civic Everyman like an even stream of bilge-water, the more ironic because so steady and so unspectacular. Though the major count—incest—is only mentioned in the national press, there are a good many other counts for the Town to pass judgment on: prostitution, immoral earnings, wanton flight from a good home, filial insubordination. "*Fuyez des foyers clos!*" cried Gide to the French youth of the Twenties. In the Rudge household Mr. Hough has produced an epic *foyer clos*, a squalid limbo of boiled cabbage, darned underclothes and emotional blackmail that simmers away effectively through the book. If I didn't enjoy his thrillers so much, I would wish that he wrote more novels of provincial life.

JOHN RAYMOND

PRISON CONTRAST

In For Life. By TOM RUNYON. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

Eighteen Months. By ANTHONY HECKSTALL-SMITH. *Wingate.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

To compare these two books is to contrast two cultures, two geographies, two prison systems, and above all two men. Mr. Heckstall-Smith has lately completed, at Maidstone Prison, an eighteen-months' sentence for fraud. Mr. Runyon, as No. 17602 in Iowa State Penitentiary, is now serving the seventeenth year of a life sentence for murder; and in view of his record as an armed inter-State bank robber, it looks as though newly-elected Sheriffs and District Attorneys will always be turning up the files to get twenty- or thirty-year "supplementaries" added to the term of his natural life. He will never come out.

The weakness of Mr. Heckstall-Smith's book, which is in other respects interesting and is often as funny as it intends to be, is that most of the time he is grousing, petulantly, affectedly, snobbishly, and with a plethora of exclamation marks. A number of his allegations are untrue—he says on page 210, for example, that the after-care of discharged prisoners "receives no support from the State"; and in asserting on page 206 that when a Prison Commissioner is due to visit, "the pin-up girls and the family snapshots disappear under the mattress," he may be reporting the behaviour of an inexperienced prisoner needlessly fearful of losing his photographs and pictures, but he is also implying, intentionally and falsely, that the Commissioners will not allow them on cell tables. It is difficult to decide which does the more damage to the value of this book, its absurd picture of the Prison Commissioners as "hoodwinked by hypocrisy" and "dangerously complacent," or its grotesque phoneticising of the recollected (or invented) remarks of prison officers. The latter, presented as stage Cockneys to a man, continually shout "Say 'sir' when yer speaks ter me," bully perpetually in language too filthy to print, and yet are "far too ready to discuss the men's crimes" with the prisoners. This is a muddled, secondhand, and mischievous account of the present Maidstone regime, paying insolent lip-service to the humanitarian and unconventional methods of the Governor, Mr. John Vidler, but at the same time losing no opportunity to jeopardise their success by driving a wedge between Mr. Vidler and his 'discipline staff.'

Mr. Runyon is a born writer, not, I should say, a born bank-robber. One's impression is that he was lucky to survive for five years as a robber, for he seems never to have thought very far ahead, and his graphic touches ("gravel was showering the side-walk as we left town at top speed") are themselves the fruits of improvisation rather than of planning. The two memorable things in this book are the immense moral courage with which its author faces his appalling future, and the official cossetting with which the inhumanity of American penal methods is mitigated. In Iowa, at least, murderers are kept in solitary confinement for a year after sentence, and then walk two hundred yards to the scaffold under a barrage of news-camera flashlights, to be "hanged before a morbidly-curious crowd." Parties of tourists (with their children) go over the prison and peep excitedly at the men sitting on their cell-beds. F.B.I. men question every new prisoner for months, hoping to pin new crimes on to him. In Iowa there are few discretionary sentences. The Judges are bound to award thirty years for attempted burglary, life (literally life) imprisonment for second-degree murder, ten years for car stealing, twenty for robbery. Sentences of eighty, ninety, and a hundred years for cumulative crimes are common —often mounting up while the men are in prison.

And yet Mr. Runyon can write this book and publish it from prison, edit a prison magazine which is quoted throughout the United States, have cigarettes and food and Christmas parcels sent in, and earn fifty dollars a month selling his own leather work to the hated public outside. In the dining halls, every man must sit bolt upright and eat in dead silence; but there is an approved finger-sign for more pudding or treacle, and the prison orchestra plays all the time.

C. H. ROLPH

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

RACHMANINOFF's Third Symphony (*H.M.V.) is among his very last works. I believe it to have been consistently underrated, not only by those who despise all the composer's music, but even by those who find themselves in sympathy with his marvellous but neurasthenic gifts. A sense of personal tragedy seems to underlie this very dramatic symphony—the tragedy of exile, no doubt, for the heart-rending sadness of the slow movement, with its long, winding theme, acquires an extra degree of poignancy from the murderous bitterness of the scherzando episode which interrupts its dreaming. The elaborate but lucid score is splendidly recorded and Sir Malcolm Sargent extracts a thoughtful and tonally beautiful performance from the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra; but I cannot feel that he is justified in departing so far from the composer's own tempi in the first movement, since by so doing he reduces the tension of the music to very little. The Supraphon LP issue of the same work is extravagantly presented on two 10-inch discs, and nowhere near as well recorded; but the performance is extremely thrilling. Also a late work, and equally thrilling, Janacek's Sinfonietta (**S.) is the creation of a Slav temperament as different as possible from Rachmaninoff's—healthy, rubicund, full of a peasant self-confidence and directness of expression. This eccentric, but deeply original and inspiring work grew out of a fanfare commissioned for a celebration of an athletic youth association (Sokol). The idea may not seem very promising, but so vivid are the themes in evoking the idea of bodily movements, such the fire and conviction of the performance, that one finds one's vitality increased simply by listening to this extraordinary music, which has the passionate fervour, though not the depth, of Janacek's Slavonic Mass.

The latest LP version of Dvorak's Cello Concerto (N.) is very disappointing. To be sure, there is nothing the matter with Janigro's solo, which is most eloquently played; but the orchestra, nervously conducted by one Dean Dixon, fails again and again to provide adequate support. Another favourite Cello Concerto—Elgar's—fares very much better, on a recent **H.M.V. record. Even those who dislike the externals of Elgar's style fall victims to the irresistibly lyrical appeal of the Cello Concerto. The task of interpreting the solo is extremely difficult—especially for the cellist who is not an Englishman—for the emotional content of the music (save in the Amfortas-like outburst in the middle of the Finale) is veiled by an impassive dignity that is peculiarly English. Foreign cellists (and Casals in particular) tend to over-express the gently flowing, pastoral melody of the opening movement; whereas this should sound like a traveller who is walking easily forward into an unfamiliar landscape. The listener ought never to be quite sure which note is coming next—an effect obtainable only by giving a fraction more than its true value to each crotchet in the bar. Anthony Pini plays these pages to perfection, but his version (D.) is marred by a very poor balance, which allows the cellist to drown many important orchestral solos. Though perhaps a shade less convincing in the same passage, Paul Tortelier (H.M.V.) gives a beautifully studied performance of the whole work. The olive green tone of his cello is as well suited to the quick sections as to the deeply felt Adagio, which is delivered with brooding melancholy and unusual variety of colour. Technically, too, the Frenchman has the advantage of Pini: this is not a virtuoso piece, but such passage-work as it contains is perfectly controlled in the H.M.V. disc, and the harmonics are (as so seldom) absolutely in tune. The orchestra plays second string to excellent effect, and if a few details fail to come through, it is no great matter.

Also recommended: Strauss: *Aus Italien* (**D.); Holst: *The Planets* (*N.).

Aaron Copland's Violin Sonata (**B.) was written in 1943 and is one of the composer's best and most characteristic works. The music is largely antiphonal, the instruments handing the themes backwards and forwards to each other; and the texture is delightfully open, so that the ear never tires. The first movement, Andante semplice, with its logical rhythmic shifts and its quiet bugle themes, is a fine example of Copland's use of folk-like material to create a sonata movement that is complete in every respect without padding or mechanical sequences. The effect of the work as a whole is both gay and full of sentiment. The recording deals very successfully with a performance that seems almost ideal. Stravinsky's *Duo concertant*, on the reverse, is a dry, rather dull piece; but it is equally well played.

The complete recording of Chopin's Scherzos on one LP disc (*P.) turns out a half success. Bela Siki's account of Nos. 1 and 2 is not far short of perfection. The distinction of his style, the singing quality of his touch in legato passages, the light pedalling and avoidance of brilliance for its own sake, make an ideal combination for the interpretation of these taxing pieces. Unfortunately, his playing of Nos. 3 and 4 is on a lower level. In No. 3 the rippling passages between the lines of the chorale do not make the shimmering effect so evidently intended: the notes are here too distinct and follow one another too slowly. This curiously literal reading insinuates itself into the rest of the piece, with damaging effect to its natural magic. No. 4 fares no better, for the cautious tempo adopted for the main sections makes them sound sensible rather than puckish; and the extensive middle section is heavily played, with too little variety of colour. Despite these shortcomings the disc as a whole has a great deal to recommend it, including an arrestingly faithful recording throughout the whole register of the pieno. Also highly recommended: Debussy: Shorter Piano Works (Gieseking. **C.).

The *Vox set of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* has one distinct advantage over the **Nixa: by dint of making a few, and not vital, cuts it gets the work on to three discs, whereas the Nixa, which is absolutely complete, occupies four. I feel, too, that Grossmann's (V.) brisk tempo in the final section of Part I is more apt than Scherchen's (N.), for the movement is extremely long, and if the semiquavers are given what seems their natural speed, the section appears endless. The Vox version is an alert, well cast and studied performance; unfortunately, it does not approach the Nixa for clear distinction, in all save one of the soloists, in the beauty and variety of the choral singing, in the extraordinary accomplishment with which Bach's many descriptive touches are conveyed; and finally in the reality of the recorded sound, for the Nixa strikes me as being, with the Decca *Pelléas*, the best recording of a large vocal work since the advent of LP. The soprano, Magda Laszlo, though essentially an opera singer, does not make as much of the words as she might (the same is true of her singing in Bach's Cantata *No. 84, "Ich bin vergnügt" (N.), though **No. 106, *Actus tragicus*, on the reverse, is a splendid performance, admirably recorded); but the mezzo (Rössl-Majdan) and the bass (Richard Standen) sing with artistry and beautifully graded tone. Apart from the sustained pleasure given by the dulcet quality of the orchestral sound, it is the Evangelist of Hugues Cuénod and the Christ of Heinz Rehfuss who make this set worth a considerable sacrifice to any musical person. The former's easy, ringing voice, his admirable taste and diction, which enable him perfectly to fuse the musical and dramatic qualities of his part, are matter for continual astonishment and delight; while Rehfuss's dignified resignation to grief, expressed in tones of great natural beauty, makes his part stand out from the rest exactly as it should. To hear this set is to make one feel that the *St. Matthew Passion* is the greatest work in all music.

To deal exhaustively with the four "complete" issues of Handel's *Messiah* is beyond the scope of this article. For the benefit of discophiles who prefer, or have got used to, the Mozart edition, which is excellent in its way, I should perhaps say at once that, although none of the recordings employs that edition in its pure state, the Beecham issue (HMV—4 discs) is as near to it as makes little difference. I would not, however, recommend the set, despite the admirable conducting, for two of the soloists are past their best days, Trevor Anthony is in no way outstanding, Marjorie Thomas sings the same part much better in the Columbia set, and the recording (far from new) is distractingly variable. In the Columbia set (3 discs) Sir Malcolm Sargent uses the Mozart edition drastically Victorianised by Ebenezer Prout. The performance, which has the advantage of the best choir (the Huddersfield) plays for safety and is thoroughly conventional; seven numbers are omitted, the playing of the Liverpool Philharmonic does not rise above routine level and the recording never allows us to forget the presence of the gramophone.

The *Decca (4-disc) and the *Nixa (3-disc) sets are in most important respects superior to the others: both are absolutely complete, and which of them you prefer depends, in the last resort, on temperament. In the Decca set Sir Adrian Boult uses the Herbage version, which is as near to Handel's original intention as we are likely to get. The tempi will cause no one dismay, though the "Hallelujah" chorus seems sleepy and the Finale too fast to be impressive. The young American tenor, George Maran, has a charming quality of voice and sings communicatively, but is sometimes rather tentative, and Owen Brannigan is monotonously hearty. Norma Procter is much the best of the contraltos, but Jennifer Vyvyan, though never failing to sing the notes well, gives but meagre expression to the feeling behind the words. The recording is the most comprehensive and manageable of the four; indeed, the Decca set is likely to receive the widest suffrage, although the Nixa has more character and variety than any of the others. The edition used is that of J. M. Coopersmith, modified by Hermann Scherchen, who conducts the performance. The latter's tempi are unconventional—sometimes to the point of eccentricity; for example, "And He shall purify" is wildly fast, and so is the lovely Pastoral Symphony, which is indeed a total loss in this version (Beecham's is the best, with Boult's a close runner-up). To conclude the disadvantages: the recording begins unpleasantly, but quickly improves and maintains the improvement; and the contralto, Constance Shacklock, is plummy and insecure. On the other hand, the virtues of this set are very considerable—starting with the radiant and deeply felt singing of Margaret Ritchie. William Herbert is not as steady a tenor as Richard Lewis (Col.), but on this occasion sings more expressively; while the bass, Richard Standen, is easily the best of the bunch (his "Why do the nations?" and "The trumpet shall sound" are very thrilling). The London Philharmonic Choir seem rather more on their toes in this set than they are in the Decca, and the whole performance has a freshness—a kind of originality—that will appeal especially to those for whom this glorious masterpiece has been tarnished by too constant use.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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The compasses of New Zealand ships, it appears, have recently been wavering violently between east, west and south. Now it has been officially explained that this is due to sailors' nylon shirts and underwear, for ships' compasses are allergic to synthetic fabrics. Competitors are invited to compose a sea-shanty introducing this theme.

Report by R. K. Buchanan

There's fifteen men on the helmsman's chest
Forcibly removing his synthetic vest—

chanted D. R. Peddy, and many another worked up to "there is no substitute for wool;"

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We started out from Pompey for Gibraltar and the Med,
But after seven days at sea we sighted Beachy Head.
Some day we'll steer for Iceland
And find Kingdom Come instead.
Oh, give me back my woollies!
(Goodwill)

There was plenty of other fun about misdirection:

We thought we was headin' for Eddystone Light
When the Statue of Liberty hove up in the night.
(L. G. Udall)

Of several technical jokes, I enjoyed most D. W. Barker's

We must de-Gauss the skipper's undies (3 *times*)
Early in the morning.

Lakon was successful in catching the rough yet compelling rhythm of a shanty—

For its up with your shirt and off with your vest.
Show the hair on your manly chest.
North goes South and East goes West.
Strip, bullies, let the compass swing.

P.M.'s rub-a-dub measure—

I'll never swarm to the crow's nest
On 30 denier feet
While one toe points to Biscay and one to Sound of Sleat—

was specially designed " for a Brasso chantey," and J. P. Stevenson's *Captain Cook and Captain Bligh*, with alternate verses for each

(" Well I discovered Ota-hitey
Along of wearing a nylon nightie ")

would suit a two-man job.

The prize-money is to be divided equally between J. B. Smith, J. F. Small, Douglas Grant and Elizabeth Lister (who appended a splendidly swinging tune, " for good measure "). Honourable mention to those quoted above, and to Alberick, Brian Brindley, Ernest Hall and Hilary.

When we set sail for Plymouth docks
(Sailors didn't oughter wear nylon socks)
We didn't know the mate wore pansy clothes
(Sailors didn't oughter wear nylon hose).

The compass needle jumped and flickered
(Sailors didn't oughter be nylon knickered)
We didn't know north-north-east from west
(Sailors didn't oughter be nylon dressed).

Next day we found we'd got front stalls
(Sailors didn't oughter wear nylon smalls)
At a highly secret H-bomb test
(Sailors didn't oughter wear a nylon vest).

Atomic ash fell down in chunks
(Sailors didn't oughter wear nylon trunks)
We turned and ducked—but the place still hurts
(Sailors didn't oughter wear nylon shirts).

The obvious moral of this shanty's
Sailors didn't oughter wear nylon panties,
Not on weekdays, nor on Sundays,
Sailors didn't oughter wear nylon undies.

J. B. SMITH

I'll sing you a song of a ship that went wrong—
I.C.I.—
Of synthetic singlets and terylene trunks.
Down by the Antipodes.

Our binnacle barmy, our gyro awry—
Polly Theney—
We beat up to Tonga, from there to Fiji,
When the orders said Wellington docks.

The skipper did swear, " It's the shifts that we wear—
Molly Culey—
With wool you shall see we'll ne'er lose a degree
So unship all those fancies, me lads."

Oh, we flung to the sharks all those troublesome sarks—
Mark that spencer!—
We set a straight course, but for better or worse
The wind blew up hard on our stern.

J. F. SMALL

Oh I'll sing you the saddest of all sea shanties
Away gymbals, gyro and gear
Of a good ship lost through a pair of panties
Of a boat gone under through underwear.

From Shanghai we was two days out
Away binnacle, sextant and screw
The compasses went up the spout
Through a Chinese dame sneaked on by the crew.

The helmsman he got down on his knees
Away dividers, needle and board
When up she came in a pink chemise
Lashed round with a bowline in a nylon cord.

The compass spun like a roulette wheel
Away to the north the east and west
The cabin-boy brought up the last of a meal
As it homed like a bird on her nylon vest

Give me a course cried the skipper in fear
Away cosine, tangent and log
I've lost me dividers around her brassière
Said the poor mad pilot and barked like a dog.

DOUGLAS GRANT

THE BUCCANEERS' RETURN

They've battened their gold in the vessel's cold hold
And the sails are all set for the West
But they'll never arrive at Tauranga alive
Because of the Captain's vest—Yo ho!
Because of the Captain's vest.

The stars are all there and the weather is fair
But they're bound to be wrecked on the rocks
For however they steer their bearings are queer
Because of the Captain's socks—Yo ho!
Because of the Captain's socks.

If they ever reach land they will starve on a strand
And their bones will be bounty for ants
But they're bound to be drowned for the compass spins round
Because of the Captain's pants—Yo ho!
Because of the Captain's pants.

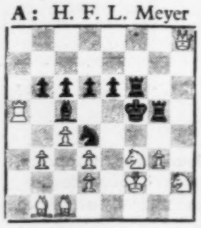
Though it's out with the rum they soon will be glum
For they never will fathom the cause
For how should they know that the cure for their woe
Is " Off with the Captain's drawers ! "—Yo ho!
Is " Off with the Captain's drawers!"

ELIZABETH LISTER

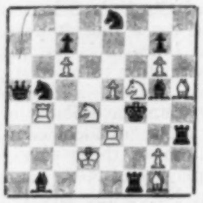
CHESS: Never Miss a Check . . . .

No. 244

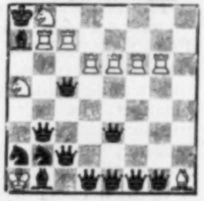
A: H. F. L. Meyer



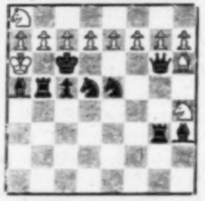
B: Leo Löwy



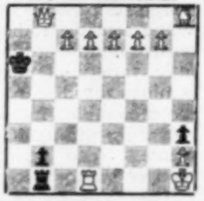
C: D. J. Densmore and A. C. White



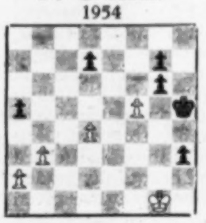
D: W. A. Shinkman



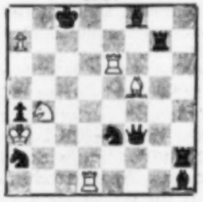
E: E. Hasselkus



F: G. Rinder
1954



G: E. Wolanski
1937



I cannot accept the derogatory implication of that old adage " Never miss a check! It might be mate." Why sneer at a beginner's natural predilection for checking whenever he has the chance? Surely, his temptation must be almost irresistible. Even those of us who do, from time to time, look more than one move ahead and who would readily agree that what matters is the purpose and the consequences of a move, rather than its immediate impact and its superficial forcefulness—even they must find it hard to resist the glorious (if fleeting) sense of power derived from a check. They can get full measure by glancing at **A**, a 6-mover in which every one of White's six and Black's five moves is a check. After so broad a hint I will not give a point more than 4, and I feel even more generous in offering 5 for **B**—White to draw—when adding the useful hint that White checks and checks and checks until he finds himself petrified by so much daring. With a practically unearned income of 9 ladder-points in the bag competitors, so as to get 6 more for **C**—a 3-mover—will have to ponder for a minute or two; and they may well spend most of that time to get over the shock of seeing such an agglomeration of Heavy and Very Heavy Artillery confined within the narrow confines of one chessboard. After that they should be emotionally prepared for anything, even for the dazzling horse-show they are bound to see when tackling **D**—White to mate in 8; and while most 8-movers are pretty stiff propositions, this one, after my generous hint, is quite a bargain at 7 points. What with the growing fancy taken by so many readers for sui-mates I would not dare to offer a holiday-article that didn't contain at least one piece of that delightful variety. So **E** is a sui-mate in 6, and let me add for the uninitiated that it means for White to commit suicide by forcing Black to mate him in 6 moves. This one is quite easy, and when they are through with it competitors will behold a veritable conclave of Bishops. If I said any more I might as well give the whole show away and print the solution here and now instead of offering 8 points towards the 50 to be garnered this Whitsun: and it is merely the desire to reach that lofty target that makes me overrate **F**—White to win—and **G**—White to draw—at 10 points each. They provide the solid fare of honest endgame-studies customary at the end of a holiday piece. Young Rinder, incidentally, (aged 17) is the son of the German Lady-Champion and this is his first study, (originally published by *Deutsche Schachzeitung*). It is a highly instructive piece, even though the basic idea isn't new. But then few are. **G** was a 1st prize-winner (in *Revista de Sah*); it isn't quite as easy as this week-end's other pieces.

Usual prizes. Entries by June 14th.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 241. Set May 15

A: (1) . . . R x P ch. (2) Q x R, B-Kt3 ch. (3) K any, R-QB7 mate.

B: (1) R-Q5 ch, K-K3. (2) Kt-Kt6, K x R. (3) Kt-B4 ch, K-K5. (4) Kt x P, K-B6. (5) Kt-B3, K-Kt5. (6) K-Kt6, K x P. (7) K-B5 etc.
if (4) . . . K-Q6. (5) Kt-Kt3, followed by P-R5.
if (1) . . . K-B3. (2) Kt-Kt6, etc.
if (1) . . . K-B1. (2) Kt-B7, P-B3. (3) R-Q8 ch, K-B2. (4) Kt-Kt5!
if (1) . . . K-K1. (2) Kt-B7, P-K3. (3) R-Q8 ch, K-K2. (4) Kt-K5!

C: (1) P-B7, R-K5 ch. (2) K-Q2, R x P ch. (3) K-B3, B-Kt5! (4) P x B, R-Q2!! (5) Kt-Q6!, R x P ch. (6) K-Kt4, etc.
if (5) P queens ch? R-B2 ch forces stalemate.

Quite a few competitors dropped merely a point or two by failing to plumb the full depth of **B**. Prizes shared by W. M. L. Brooking, E. W. Carmichael, R. C. Chaturvedi, T. J. Simmonds, A. Schneider.

ASSIAC

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

LAKE District. Wastwater, Scafell, Eskdale, Seascale district. Table tennis, billiards, extensive grounds. Irton Hall Hotel (lic'd.), Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

LAKES Charm. old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334,

KESWICK - on - Derwentwater. Highfield Vegetarian Guesthouse, The Heads, amid beaut. lake & mntn. scenery, offers friendliness, comf., 1st cl. fd. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

COME to Sunny Ventnor, I.o.W. The historical Crab & Lobster Hotel offers every comfort, superb cuisine, Continental Chef. Delightful cliff gardens. 8-11*gns.* per week. Write Hotel, Dept. B.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. 32.

CORNWALL. Sandy beaches, good food, mod. terms. Carn Voel, Porthcurno, Nr. Penzance. St. Buryan 391.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8*gns.* Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

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CORNWALL (nr. Fowey). Treyarnon, Tywardreath. Overlkg. sea. Brkfst., evng. meal. No gratuities. Highly rec. 5*gns.* Par 2208.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. June issue now ready. Of all booksellers 3*s.* 6*d.* net (35*s.* p.a.).

AT Geneva peace is now "In the Balance," writes R. Palme Dutt in the June "Labour Monthly." Also: "The World of Mr. Attlee," by D. N. Pritt, Q.C.; "War or Peace in South East Asia," by Gordon Schaffer; "Canada and the U.S. Python," by Tim Buck. 1*s.* 6*d.* all agents. Or 9*s.* half-year's sub. from N.S.K., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

ANTI-Tuberculosis Vaccination in U.S.S.R. K. P. Berkos. Text of Royal Sanitary Institute lecture. Also L. Crome, Recent Progress in Soviet Medicine; and M. N. Livanov, Electro-Physiological Investigations of Conditioned Reflex Links. Soviet Medical Bulletin, Vol. 1, No. 2 (Old Series No. 8). 1*s.* 6*d.* (postage, etc. 3*d*), from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

POEMS by Hugh Creighton Hill, "The Universal Theorem"—Artisan 4 (Spring). The Heron Press, 40 Florentine Road, Stoneycroft, Liverpool.

"POETRY and Poverty," No. 6 now on sale. Contributors include Stephen Spender, Frances Bellerby, Michael Hamburger, etc., 2*s.* from 8 Eton Avenue, N.W.3, or your bookshop.

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GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

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L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47*s.* 6*d.*; Life (Int.), 57*s.* 6*d.*; Popular Mechanics, 32*s.*; Popular Photography 36*s.*; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

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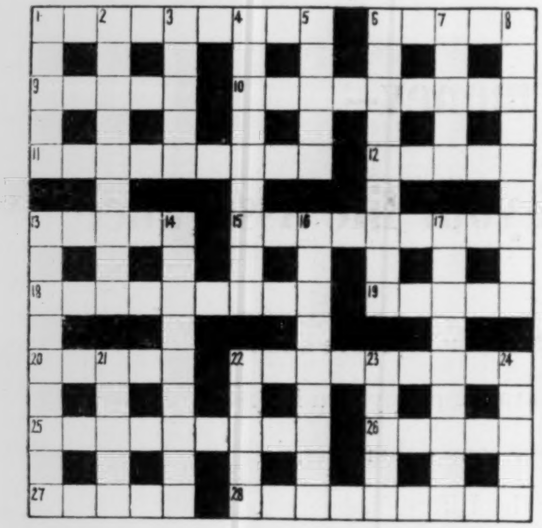
Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 103, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 15



ACROSS

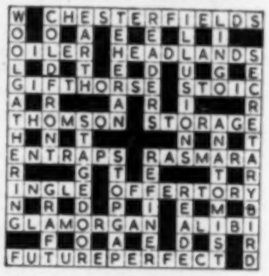
1. Serpentine indications even in these famous contests? (9).
6. Oriental philosopher, by the sound of it (5).
9. M.P. married. Look in here for a photograph (5).
10. Give details of accommodation; it generally overlooks the sea (9).
11. These are stretches of coastline; you may have a stroll round it (9).
12. The acknowledgment for a letter (5).
13. Requisites for supporting the cast? (5).
15. Eastern menu is altered before the date; the women are furious (9).
18. State in which feminine organisations study immorality (9).
19. Financial embarrassments bring the young lady of fashion to the back street (5).
20. Safe waters (5).
22. Oyster eater has to go in after a fish (9).
25. A composer who sounds frequently a greater one (9).
26. Weapon for a soldier of lower rank? (5).
27. Observes about ten, although there are only two of them (5).
28. Secret and broken bottles (9).

DOWN

1. Put up a serious fight in the middle of a quarrel (5).
2. A penny postage stamp was mistaken for this bird (9).
3. Capital love for a great lover (5).
4. A cricket practice in throws; they are often on hand in Spain (9).
5. Drenches the wood in the boat (5).
6. Although not so bitter, starting to set about us (9).
7. She turned into an agony column, so to speak (5).
8. Some have legs and others show signs of attraction (9).
13. Movements of men; they demand security (9).
14. Appears to be cheerful about unfeeling reproofs (9).
16. Transformed Roman style of sovereign (9).
17. But before she finishes, she is a new arrival on the scene (9).
21. Loose, although the fun is broken up before nine (5).
22. West country town sounds scorched (5).
23. She is a Welshman without the flu (5).
24. Winds or staggers (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 101



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 101

Miss A. Sheppard (Royston), A. M. Williams (Penrhiwfer), P. Harrison (New Malden).

PERSONAL

SOUTH of France. 2 seats avail., car lvg. July 7, retn. Lond. 27. SPE. 2926.

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ITAL. family (Brescia) req. Engl. lady au pair 6 mths. to teach Engl. boy (11), girl (6). Will pay £10 mthly. £10 trav. expns. Write Miss Sachs, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3.

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YOUNG man, highest integrity, desires continental motoring holiday. Share exps. Comm. July 23 appr. GLA. 7005 aft. 7 p.m.

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STUD. (20), f., seeks unusual hol./job. Anything considered. Box 8366.

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FINANCIAL backing wanted to total £300, Folk Music project with bus. prospects. Min. sub. accepted £25. AMB. 5322.

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PERSONAL—continued

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RAMBLERS holidays for people who are looking for something well planned but informal, not necessarily cheap but very good value for money—and with an accent on the open air and the mountains. Some vacancies remain on several of our summer and autumn holidays to western and central Europe. Ramblers Association Services, 48 (R2) Park Road, London, N.W.1.

SUBSIDIZE holidays abroad! 25% commission for subscriptions to English Language Learner's Monthly. "English Illustrated," 45 Dorset St., London, W.1.

WOULD anyone help? Girl stud. reqs. room in exch. baby-sitting. Box 8203.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655, for details.

IF you cannot afford a holiday, have a course of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment, relaxing, invigorating and stimulating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

"KNOW-HOW" means Writing Success for you. No Sales—No Fees tuition. Free N.2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

IF the young lady who perused this column last week will arrange to be photographed by John Vickers, her fiancé and their grandchildren will learn something to their advantage, 29b Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

AU Pair. Young educ. foreign girls, willing help with children & light housework, pocket money, immed. avail. & summer 3 months. Refs. exchd. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., London, S.W.7.

COMPANIONABLE sailing holiday with tuition. South Devon. August. Four Winds, Highfield, Letchworth, Herts.

SPAIN, Tossa, Barcelona, 15 days, small mixed informal unherded party. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

SPAIN, Costa Brava, informal, unherded, small party or independent. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

VIENNESE family wishes have daughter live with London family to attend University, Jan.-July, 1955, & to accept male stud. in exch. Write Dr. Hans Gerstner, Veitingergasse 78, Vienna 13, Austria.

PERSONAL—continued

STANDARD 8, 1947, black saloon, original owner, perfect running order, £285. Seen by appointment. Box 8670.

BARGAIN Holidays by Air, Austria, Switzerland. 15 days £29 to £37 10s. incl. coach trips. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

LAST Minute Continental Holidays. Not mass produced but individually arranged. Choice of one or more centres from £29 14s. Business & Holiday Travel Ltd., 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Tel. WHItehall 4114/5.

TRAVEL with confidence: travel with Fodor's Modern Guides—the guide books that pay for themselves. Ten titles; twenty-one countries. See the whole range at your bookseller or write to Newman Neame, Ltd., 71 Blandford St., London, W.1.

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HOLIDAY Friendship Service programme includes Bulgaria, Austria, Israel, Portugal, France, Spain. Send S.A.E., 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 7963.

FRENCH & German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

ENGLISH writer wants exch. Engl. conversation for French (native). PAR. 6309.

MICHAEL Werner would take three or four private pupils for sculpture (modelling). Phone HAM. 0967, or apply Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. MAY. 2573.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WES. 3945.

EXCLUSIVE Continental Style Leisure Wear and very brief swim wear for Men. Illustrated catalogue on request from Vince Studio, 46 Manchester St., London, W.1.

GOING abroad? Start now 6- or 12-week course "Colloquial French for Tourists." 11 Charing Cross Road (near Leicester Square Station), open 1-10 p.m. TRA. 2044.

IF you can't manage "ordinary office hours" to be photographed, Anthony Panting will gladly arrange an evening or Saturday appointment for you at 30 Abbey Gdns., N.W.8.

NORFOLK Broads. Priv. yacht for hire June/July by week or longer. Gd. sailing, equip for 4. Write B. H. Chirgwin, Elmhurst, High Rd., South Woodford, E.18.

PERSONAL—continued

OLIVERS of Mayfair for the cheapest and best holidays abroad. 16 Cork Street, London, W.1.

NATURE Cure in Action. Qualified Practitioners, discussions and demonstrations. Organic farm & creative workshops. Brochure: Sec., Blunham House, Bedfordshire.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

MEETINGS, lects. Irving Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657, seats 100, avlble. fr. 10.30.

P.S. One could scarcely expect—so late in the year—to find a place free in a Harold Ingham Summer School Abroad. (But "no harm in asking"—there may be an odd place to spare in one party or another.) However, it would be a wise move to put your name down now for the 1954/5 Ski Programme or the 1955 Summer Schools programme. Present disappointment may then be transformed into later satisfaction. Write to 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow—please don't 'phone before October—too busy just now.

SCHOOLS

A BOYS' Preparatory School set amongst pinewoods in lovely country by sea, with excellent record in both work and health. The atmosphere, free from institutional taint, is very pleasant and there is a great deal of personal contact between boys and staff. Four acres of playing fields, half a mile of private beach, all games, swimming and sailing. Healthy outdoor life. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Comprehensive, illustrated prospectus. Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

PROGRESSIVE Home School for boys and girls 4-11. Recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education, Thanet House, Broadstairs. Tel. Thanet 62783.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave., N.W.3. PRImrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Keesing's, June 1945 to June 1954, complete, perfect condition (cost £51), £25; Britannica 1947, Yearbook 1950, £37; Latest Grundig Tape Recorder "T.K.9" with microphone, few hours use only, cost 71*gns.*, accept 61*gns.*, London; Roneo 150, latest hand model (cost £35), as new, £26; Trix Turntable Gramophone, excellent condition, London.

WANTED: "Spy" Cartoons (request list); Trotsky, Kautsky, Rosenberg, Bukharin; Second-hand Potter's Wheel; Earliest "New Yorkers"; Italian Linguaphone; Tape-Recorder, pref. Grundig.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisements and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Economic Statistics. Salary for the Lecturer will be within the range of £A1,100-£A1,450 per annum, with annual increments of £A50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is June 30.

LONDON County Council, Training Colleges. Applications invited for following posts. Training college (London) scale salary. Application forms from the principals at the colleges (please send stamped addressed foolscap envelope) to whom they should be returned as soon as possible Appointment will be to the Council's service, with assignment to college named. Avery Hill Training College, Bexley Road, Eltham, S.E.9 Lecturer or senior lecturer in physical education (woman) to train students for physical education in nursery, primary and secondary schools; one new lecturer required in September for department in which full strength is three lecturers in physical education and full-time lecturer in dance, 362 students. Please indicate in which section of physical activity chief interest lies, e.g., gymnastics, games, swimming, athletics, dance. Three-year training in recognised college of physical education and experience in teaching in schools essential. Willingness to accept residence in college a recommendation. Furzedown Training College, Welham Road, S.W.17. Lecturer in Education required September or as soon after as possible. Thorough insight into psychological and educational needs of children 11-16 and good experience of teaching children of this age range necessary.

LONDON County Council, New County Secondary School at Tulse Hill, Norwood. Headmistress required for this new school accommodating 900 girls to be opened in September, 1955. Appointment will take effect earlier for the purpose of preliminary planning. The school is intended to work in close relationship with the voluntary aided St. Martin-in-the-Fields High School. Initially the school will be in Burnham Group 10 (head's allowance £390), subject to review when numbers are stabilised and courses fully developed. Courses will be provided for pupils up to and beyond the normal leaving age, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education, with special provision for courses in needlecraft and commerce. There will be a deputy head with a substantial allowance, and adequate provision for other posts of special responsibility as well as for administrative assistance. A person of wide experience, considerable organising ability and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on Form EO/TS10/Tulse Hill obtainable from the Education Officer (EO/TS 10), County Hall, S.E.1. (Candidates who have recently completed a similar form may apply on form EO/TS 10B). Closing date June 19.

TUTORS wanted, between 25 and 40, to take English classes in Summer Course for Continental students, held on Suffolk coast, from July 20 to September 1. One vacancy from early June. Applicants should be men of the highest integrity with first-rate references and a genuine interest in teaching. Degree in English or Modern Languages, appropriate teaching experience, and good discipline essential. Presence, personality and good organising ability distinct assets. Very pleasant summer post in ideal country surroundings. High standard of living and comfortable background. Salary according to experience. Write, with full details and copies of testimonials, Box 8431.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for temporary (in first instance) engagements as vacancies occur. Salary £531 5*s.* rising to £685. Duties include receiving into care; rehabilitation; boarding-out; adoption; after care. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, S.E.1; returnable by June 30. (695.)

BRIGG Constituency. (60 per cent of the electorate in the borough of Scunthorpe.) Applications are invited for the post of full-time Secretary/Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms can be obtained from the Secretary, Labour Party, Highfield House, Frances Street, Scunthorpe, Lincs, to whom they must be returned by Wed., June 16.

SECRETARY wanted for the Modern Churchmen's Union. Shorthand and typing essential. Willing to take responsibility. For further particulars apply Rev. C. O. Rhodes, 33 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Cttee. Rqd., Child Psychotherapists at (a) Edmonton Child Guidance Centre (full time). Salary (Soulbury II), men, £850 × £25—£1,050; women, £750 × £20—£890 × £10—£900 (under review). (b) Red House School, Tadworth, Surrey, 2 sessions p. wk., 42*s.* p. 3-hr. session & travelling expenses. Part-time Lay Psychotherapist at East Quinton School, Seaford, Sussex, 2 sessions p. wk., possible further 2 sessions later, 31*s.* 6*d.* p. 3-hr. session. Honours degree in Psychology or equivalent. Recognised training and/or exper., in therapy; membership of Assoc. of Child Psychotherapists desirable. Prescribed conditions. Appl. forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Chief Educ. Officer (GP), 10 Gt. George St., Westminster, S.W.1 (quote N.559, N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

LIBRARIANS, Grade IV. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts—one in the Foreign Office, one at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Lincolnshire, one in the Ministry of Supply Aircraft Establishment Library at Farnborough, Hants, and possibly one in the Ministry of Supply in London. There may also be vacancies in other Departments. Age at least 22 and under 30 on April 1, 1954, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must be Fellows or Associates of the Library Association or hold the Diploma of the London School of Librarianship. Experience of library work essential. Salary scales: (men) £410-£800; (women) £405-£675. Starting salary according to age up to £495 (men); £470 (women) at 25 or over. Somewhat lower in provinces. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4334/54. Appl. forms to be returned by June 30, 1954.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Applications invited from women for (1) Resident Chief Assistant and (2) Resident Supervisor at the Children's Reception Hostel, which is organised on modern and progressive lines. Applicants should possess a Diploma or Certificate in Social Science or should have attended a Course in Child Care. Single, comfortably furnished bed-sitting rooms available for the successful applicants. Salary scales: Chief Assistant £425 (at age of 23) rising to maximum £590 p.a. for qualified staff or £410 × £15—£470 p.a. if unqualified; plus a Responsibility Allowance of £50 p.a. Supervisor £410 × £15—£470 per annum. Repayment of £108 per annum made in both cases for board and lodging. Application forms and further information from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, to whom they should be returned by June 19.

STAFFORDSHIRE County Council, Children's Committee. Appointment of Resident Foster Mothers and Children's Attendants/Assistant Foster Mothers. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned posts in Children's Homes in various parts of Staffordshire. Further particulars and an application form can be obtained from the County Children's Officer, 23 Greengate Street, Stafford. Please quote reference (G), T. H. Evans, Clerk of the County Council.

MATHS Master wanted September for Gordonstoun Preparatory School. Apply Headmaster, Wester Elchies School, Craigellachie, Strathspey.

MARRIED housemaster wanted September for Junior House Preparatory School, Scotland. Temporary post for 18 months, but possibility of permanency. Excellent quarters available. Full particulars with application to Box 8452.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

HAVING successfully operated 14 years, small Theatrical enterprise connected with schools reqs. assistant with view to partnership. No capital reqd., good salary paid during training, plus board and lodging, share plus salary later. Assets (not all essential): age 25-35 approx., good health, enthusiastic hard worker, versatile speaking voice, driver, sh./typing, domesticated, handy with tools, even temperament, good mixer, pleasing personality, willing travel almost constantly (all over British Isles). Mod. caravan accom. Only fullest details with application, stating present employment and salary, refs. and when available. Box 8311.

THE Church of England Newspaper requires the services of a young lady for secretarial and reporting work. Willing to take responsibility. Shthnd. & typing essential. Apply Editor, 33 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament Street, S.W.1. & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road (opposite New Victoria Cinema), welcomes temporary sh./typists & copy typists. Up to £7 10*s.* per week.

ORGANISING secretary (female) required for Psychiatric Institute in London. Reply Box 8709.

ALL Office Staff supplied and wanted. CHA. 8471. Holborn Secretarial Agency, 4 Holborn Place, W.C.1. No fees staff.

TEMP. shorthand-typists & copy-typists reqd. for interesting work, by hour, day or week. High rates of pay. GER. 1069.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

POPULAR women's magazine seeks staff to answer readers' household and personal queries. Fast typing and good English essential. Age 25-35. Box 8633.

OVERSEAS Jobs—excellent rate of pay. Write for particulars of our guaranteed Job List. Universal Vacancies, 28 Hillgate Street, London, W.8.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MALE seeks evening and/or weekend work. Good at figures/driving licence/Customs import procedure. Box 7965.

A CAPABLE Viennese woman, 50s, educated, good cook, fond travel, music, nature, as companion or housekeeper-secretary to professional woman. Box 8567.

FRENCH girl, 23, bilingual secretary (L. ès L., experienced in typewriting & shorthand) seeks post. Mlle. J. Selhausen, 69 rue Pierre Curie, Vandoeure, Nancy.

EXCELLENT driver, car/van, reqs. temp./perm. post. Box 8408.

SCIENCE graduate (f.) exp. radiotherapy physicist, knowl. typing, sh./hand., French, German, piano student, seeks interesting position, prefer part-time. Box 8599.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

DISEASED (non-contagious) yng. father urgently reqs. semi-sedentary occupation. Word facile, imaginative. Details Box 8547.

LADY Typist with knowledge shorthand seeks private work. Box 8578.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

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ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. Serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

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LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s.* daily.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3*gns.* wk. Dble. 5*gns.* inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

FURN. flat, 157a Kensington High St., for 4, self-contained, 3rd floor, 7*gns.* weekly. WES. 2211 (9-6) or WES. 4156 (3-9).

MUSWELL Hill (near Highgate). Sunny two-roomed flat, furnished, exceptional view, own W.C. Lady only. TUDor 8160.

TO let: Tastefully furn. bed-sitting room in quiet flat. Cooking facils. Suit prof. woman. PRI. 2843 or Box 8655.

HIGHGATE (3 mins. tube), Large, sunny, double (or single) divan room. New lightwood furniture, fitted covers & curtains all matching, own concealed gas cooker, meter. Use bath & kit. with c.h.w. Tel. Gdn. Wkly. cleaning, light, linen, china, etc., incl. Well kept detached house. £4 10*s.* MOU. 9610.

HIGHGATE. Small single room. Own concealed electric cooker, otherwise as above. £2. MOU. 9610.

ATTRACTIVE dble. divan-sit. room, breakfast, service, 45*s.* a week per person. FLA. 8667. Friend, 9 Oakley St., S.W.3.

PLEASANT bed-sit. room, share modern flat with another girl, £2 10*s.* p.w. incl. Kensington. Tel. Cooklin aft. 7. GER. 2124.

S/C. first floor furn flat, 3 mins. Golders Green Tube. Bedroom (2 beds), sit.-room, etc. Own front door and meters. 2 ladies. 4*gns.* p.w. Box 8597.

LEFT-wing girl offered share W.C.1. flat, 50*s.* p.w. Box 8495.

GRADUATE household. Quiet, congenial atmosphere. Single room, 45*s.* 6*d.* p.w. Young person pref. HAMpstead 8109.

WELL-furnished sgle. divan-room, serviced. £2 15*s.*, incl. use kit., bath, gas, bed-lin., milk-'frig. Elec. fire check meter. Long let. MAI. 5267.

FURN. flat, one min. Hampstead Heath. Two very large sunny rooms and kitchen. Vacant from July. Box 8596.

LOVELY furn. flat, redec., Hampstead, sgle. Own 'phone, kit., bthrm. MAI. 2821.

N.W.8. Large single divan room, fitted basin, all facilities for business person. Linen; no service. 50*s.* MAI. 2600.

SINGLE bed-sitting room. Facilities for light meals. Use bathroom. SPE. 4627.

PART-furn. flat, Hornsey. Kitchen/bath, living-room, bedroom. W.C. £16 per month. Phone available. Box 8588.

COMF. bed-sitter C.H.W. Small cooker; use gdn. 2*gns.* Richmond 0396.

FURN. cottage, Essex, mid-Aug./end Sept. 32m. Lond. 6½*gns.* per week. 4 rms., kit., bathroom. Hot water, elect:, sleep 6. Garden, garage. Box 8351.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

SUSSEX Downs, nr. Ditchling. To let, large 4-berth caravan, fully equipped, electric light, Calor cooking, inside sanitation. Private site, orchard, small farm. Hall, 22 Lodge Lane, Keymer, Sussex.

TUNBRIDGE Wells, offered Aug.: furn. det. hse., sleep 4-5, Aga, pleasant gdn., mod. rent, careful tenants. Box 8442.

FURN. flats to let Surrey, 18 miles London. Suitable 3/4 people. Box 8591.

ACCOM. in family offered 1 person. Woldingham, 20 miles S. of London. Lge. gdn. Good ckg. 4½*gns.* Box 8411.

SOMERSET East. Civilised all-elec. farm cottage, sleep 5, free most summer. 4½-6*gns.* week according date & nos. Box 7966.

STUDIO/flat rqd., suitable painting. Sandra Blow, 11 Helenslea Ave., N.W.11.

IS it impossible for Cambridge graduate & wife (child expected) to find unfurn. flat, N.W. London, without huge premium? Highest refs. Box 8502.

ARCHT., single, sks. furn. or part-furn. flatlet, central L. or N.W., nr. transport, shops, and nice people. Box 8468.

YNG. woman, soc. worker, reqs. small, pleasant, inexp., bed-sit. room, ckg. facs. 1 year. Nr. Hampstead Tube. Box 8617.

2 WOMEN graduates req. s/c. flat, use of garden or balcony, central London, Kensington, Holborn, &c. Mod. rent. Box 8615.

WANTED: Caravan/Bungalow for 4. July 24-Aug. 7. Quiet by sea. Box 8436.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DALEY'S Typewriting & Duplicating, 2 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Tel. HOL. 5157.

TYPING. MSS and Theses intelligently typed. Obscure handwriting deciphered. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

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SECRETARIAL Aunts; all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand typists, etc. Literary/commercial typing, duplicating, etc. 4-day service for any length M.S. Special rates students and societies. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

GARDEN Furniture. New Designs in metal, wood and cane are to be found at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Please write for Garden Furniture Catalogue.

SHORTHAND in 1 week. Test lesson 2½*d.* stamp. Dutton's (NS), 93 Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, Dept. N/N, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

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ROTTINGDEAN; 4 miles Brighton. Superb detached house, 4 bedrooms, garage, 'phone. £4,950, offer. Box 8467.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri., 7.45, Sat. 6 & 8.30 (Sun. Club June 13, 7.45), Tues. June 8 for 2 weeks "Johnny Noble" and "The Flying Doctor."

ARTS. 7 (ex. M.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Impresario from Smyrna." Mems. 10s. yr.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391)—"Land of the Living," by Leonard Irwin, Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays, 7.30.

IRVING, Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30, Sun. 9.30 Intimate Revue.

NEW Lindsey. Bay. 2512. 8 (ex. M.), Sun. 5 & 8. The Plough & The Stars. Mems.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until June 6: "The Diary of a Country Priest" (U). From June 7: Jacques Tati in "Monsieur Hulot's Holiday" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., June 5. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison in "Major Barbara" (A). 1.15, 3.30, 5.45, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sun., June 6, 7.30. "Les Amants De Minuit" (A).

CHILDREN'S Film Show, Soviet colour cartoons, etc. Sunday, June 13, 3 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Admission, adults, 2s. 6d., children 1s.

J.A.C. Dance by Candlelight. Curtis Shelley & Sensational Clavioline. Candlelight Bar. Members and Friends. Wednesdays and Saturdays, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6 (Finchley Rd. Station). MAIda Vale 9457.

I.C.A., Dancing to Dave Stevens Trio, Saturday, June 5, 8-11 p.m., at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Members 3s., Guests 5s. Mem'ship. invited.

WHIT Saturday Dance, June 5, from 7-11, at the Porchester Hall, Porchester Road, W.2. Don Raine Young and His Music; light refmts., licensed bar. Tickets 4s. 6d. from the National Council for Civil Liberties, 46 Westbourne Gr., W.2. BAY. 1984, or at door.

CONCERTS

BACH—"Musical Offering" and Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 in D. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat. June 5, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

POLISH Cultural Institute presents a concert of Polish Choral Music of the 16th Century; Wigmore Hall, Thurs., June 17, 7.30. Renaissance Singers, conductor Michael Howard, also Szymanowski, String Quartet, Op. 56, and Kleczynski, String Trio No. 2. Kanga Quartet. Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s. Welbeck 2141 and usual agents.

SCHUBERT Octet, Beethoven Septet: the Melos Ensemble, Mayflower Barn, Jordans, Sat., June 12 at 8. Tickets 6s. H. Nicholson, Sunnybrae, Jordans, Bucks.

LONDON Bach Society. St. Bartholomew-the-Great, E.C.1 (A.D. 1123). Tues., June 15, at 6 p.m. Mass in B minor (Bach). Soloists: Isabell Sage, Celia Moran, David Galliver, Stanley Pine. The Riddick Orchestra. Conductor: Paul Steinitz. Admission by Programme (in advance). 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore Street, W.1.

SUMMER School, 1954, at Petersfield. Tobias Matthay Principles of Pianoforte Playing presented by Denise Lassimonne. July 15-Aug. 26: includes Twelve private lessons. Lectures. Recitals. For further particulars apply: "Byways," Steep, Petersfield, Hants.

EXHIBITIONS

ITALIAN Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Show Window of Italian Contemporary Art: first Exhibition: 9 painters from Rome. May 25-July 10. Mon.-Fri., 10-1; 2.30-8; Sat. 10-1.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat., 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Roussel-Bonnard-Vuillard. Until June 12. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Sandra Blow, and First Exhibition by Peter Kinley.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Jacob Bornfriend and Leonard Rosoman.

PICCADILLY Gallery. Graphic work by Laurie. Paintings & Drawings by David Tindle. June 10-22. 16 Piccadilly Arcade.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Barbara Hepworth Retrospective Exhibition: Carvings and Drawings, 1927-1954. Last three days. Friday and Saturday 11-6. Sunday 2-6. Admission free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New paintings by Patrick Heron; also continuation of Abstract Exhibition. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes June 5.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Georges Braque—Paintings & Drawings from English collections, supplemented by Lithographs & Engravings 1909-1953. Mems. free, non-mems. 1s. 6d. Closed Whit. Mon.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1s. 3d., Children 9d.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. June 10: An Evening Reception. Goya Drawings. An Arts Council Exhibition at 4 St. James' Square. Spanish music. 8.30-12. Tickets 25s. members, 30s. guests (including wine). June 17: Students of the Royal College of Art invite members to hear Raymond Mortimer, Prof. Coldstream, Prof. Moynihan and Robert Melville give a Criticism of the Sketch Club. Sherry and Sandwiches. Tickets 7s. June 29: Members are invited by the Folk Song & Dance Society to a special C.A.S. party to see the large mural by Ivon Hitchens. Sherry. Mrs. Lucy Wertheim invites members to see part of her Private Collection. C.A.S. membership from 1 *guinea* a year. Apply Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

MANET and His Circle. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Closes June 7. Weekdays 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Charles Dufresne (1876-1938), John Craxton, and Denton Welch (1915-1948). 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until June 11.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Sculpture by Michael Werner. Paintings by S. John Woods. Last week.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French Paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"GENEVA—Step to Peace." Arthur Clegg, recently returned from Conference. Wed., June 9, 7.30. Adm. 6d. Friends House, Euston Rd. Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

LIDICE Commemoration Anniversary. Thursday, June 10, at 7.30 p.m. Speakers: H.E. The Czechoslovak Ambassador, Mr. J. Ulrich; Dr. Barnet Stross, M.P.; Chairman, Mr. J. Jacobs. Film "Silent Village." W.M.A. Choir conducted by Mr. Alan Bush. Lidice House, 20 Pont St., S.W.1.

LONDON Jewish Society—"David Ben-Gurion, Prophet or . . .?" A controversial discussion on Israel's first Prime Minister, opened by Mr. David Lessman, LL.B. & Mr. Aubrey Rose. Vienna Cafe, Berkeley Arcade, Baker St. Tue. June 8, 8. Vis. 2s. 6d.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Thursday, June 10. Discussion Architectural Criticism. Ackroyden Estate, Wimbledon Park Side. Tour (6.30) with J. L. Martin and J. Whitfield Lewis who will lead the discussion at 7.45 p.m. For further details ring GRO. 6186. Members and Guests free. Membership invited.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 12, 6 p.m. Mr. Gordon Ellis: "Grapes, Olives and Sunshine."

PUSHKIN Club, Academy House, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. June 4, 8 p.m. Richard Glas, piano. Scriabin, Moussorgsky. June 11, 8 p.m. Fred Jarvis (President N.U.S.), Impressions of a tour in Soviet Russia.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public Lecture, 8.15, Fri. June 11, Dr. S. D. Cudjoe: "Ewe (Gold Coast) Drumming and Dancing" (Illus.). 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

ASIAN Music Circle. Annual memb. 5s. Fri., June 11, 8.30. Imperial Institute, S. Ken., on Indian music; Raga Bhairavi and sound films. Admission & refreshments: members 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Apply at door or write Sec., 18 Fitzalan Rd., London, N.3. Tel. FINchley 2934.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m., Sun. June 6, Studio 29 Addison Ave. W.11 (Nr. Holland Pk. Stn.). Discrse: Rev. Will Hayes: "On Eating Bread Together."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy., Wed., June 9, 7.30. John Viertel on "The Developement of American Trade Unions." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St. W.1. Vis. 2s.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Inspiration." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., June 6, at 6.30.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Jun. 4. No mtg. Fri., Jun. 11. B. A. Stevenjay, "Are Animal Experiments Justified?"

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon: June 25, The Nature of Human Nature: J. N. Glaister.

HULL B.S.F.S. D. N. Pritt, Sat., June 12, 7.45 p.m. Church Institute, Albion St.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue on "Is Metaphysics Nonsense?" by Julian Harrison and Bruce Wavell, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2, Wed., June 9, at 7.30 p.m.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays 6.30. Caxton Hall. Subject for June 8: "How the Mind Works." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (Holborn), Thurs., June 10, 7.30: "How to Practise Monistic Disciplines." All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

OPEN Door (for the woman worker) International Conference in College Hostel, Oxford, July 25-31: £7 or pro rata. All friends welcome. Excursions, Guides. Write Mrs. Forster, 7 Bardwell Rd., Oxford.

HISTORY To-day: A week-end course of historical revision. June 18-20. Speakers include: Prof. Barraclough, Dr. Gooch, Prof. E. Carus-Wilson, Mr. Christopher Hill. For detls. apply Warden, Missenden Abbey Adult Educ. College, Great Missenden, Bucks.

SIX Lectures tracing the History of the Development of Economic Thought. Weekly, Wednesdays, 7 p.m.-9 p.m., commencing June 9. Fee for complete course, 1gn. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk St., Haymarket, London, S.W.1. TRA. 6415.

HOUSING management as a career. For information on practical and theoretical training in the management of housing estates for local authorities, housing associations, etc., apply to The Society of Housing Managers, 13 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W.1. Students aged 20-30 preferred.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

THE Present Question Conference. July 24-31, 1954. Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Theme: "Man in his Relationships." Subjects include Ritual; Constitution-making; Science; Gnosis; Buddhism; Man and the Machine; Science & poetic insight; Man's relationship to himself. Enquiries: 38-40 Beaumont St., London, W.1.

GERMAN Rearmament Conference: Sat., June 26, 2.30 p.m., Beaver Hall, Gt. Trinity Lane (Mansion Hse. Stn.). Spkrs.: Kenneth Younger, M.P., Frank Beswick, M.P. Tkts. 1s. 6d. from Fabian Soc., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees, Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

FILM School: the Summer School of the British Film Institute "Art and History of the Film" will again coincide with the Edinburgh Festival. First week (August 15-21) in Studio Theatre of Scottish Film Council, Glasgow; second week (August 22-28) in Edinburgh. Brochure from B.F.I., 4 Great Russell Street, W.C.1 (MUSeum 0581), or Scottish Film Council, 16-17 Woodside Terrace, Glasgow, C.3 (Douglas 6991)

THINKERS' Holiday Organization. 1954 Summer School, New Forest. "Religion in the Atomic Age"—a critical analysis. July 31-August 6: "Religion and Modern Science," Prof. L. Arnaud Reid, Dr. P. E. Hodgson, Prof. H. Levy, Prof. H. D. Lewis, Prof. H. H. Price, Canon C. E. Raven, D. A. Routh, Dr. R. H Thouless. August 7-14: "Religion in Relation to Modern Ethical and Social Problems," Prof. A. J. Ayer, A. Basu, H. J. Blackham, P. Leon, Prof. H. D. Lewis, A. C. MacIntyre, Maung Maung Ji, Dr. Zwi Werblowsky, the Iman of Shah Jehan Mosque. Full social programme—excursions, dances, sport, etc. For details apply to The Secretary, 4 Cranley Gdns., London, S.W.7. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

VIENNA University Summer School July 15-Sept. 30. Experienced Professors lecture on German Language and Literature for Beginners and Advanced. Academic qualification not essential. Enqs.: Four Seasons Travel, Ltd., 49 Dover St., London, W.1. GRO. 7853. (Representatives in the U.K.)

HOLIDAY Course for Continental Students. The 8th Course will be held this summer from July 21 until Sept. 1 and is open to young people of all nationalities over the age of 15. Extensive curriculum in English Language and Literature. Graduate staff. Delightful country-house standing amongst pinewoods on coast of a 2,000-acre estate, with direct access to half a mile of private beach. Excellent and plentiful food. All sports. Illustrated prospectus from the Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

SUMMER Drama Schools. Three Arts Centre, London, W.1. July-Aug., day/eve., 4½ & 5½*gns.* Course for actors & producers under prof. staff. Syllabus: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

BRAZIERS—the centre that is also a fellowship group: June 25, "Holiday Painting & Sketching"; July 6, "Anglo-Italian Seminars"; Aug. 4, "Sensory Summer School." See further under "Lectures."

A "Foreign" Holiday in England. Enjoy a stimulating holiday in international company at our house parties nr. Windsor or in Cornwall (July 24 to August 29); tennis, bathing, dancing, discussions, German, French and Spanish language lessons or exchange. Erna Low, 47 (HP) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

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